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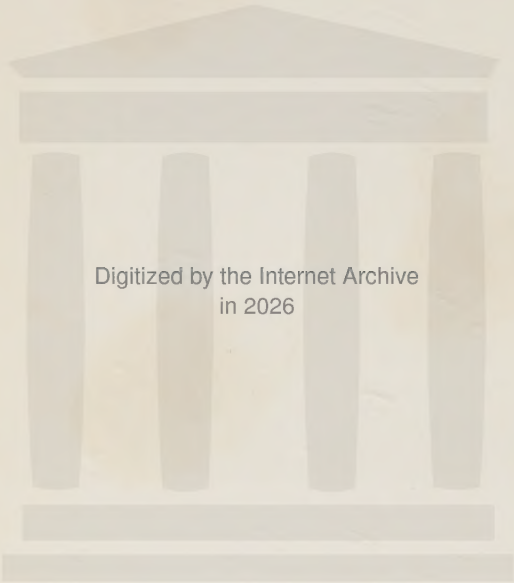
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Poems of Patriotism

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POEMS OF PATRIOTISM

By

Edgar A. Guest

Author of

"A Heap o' Livin'" — "Just Folks"

"The Path to Home" — "When Day Is Done"

The Reilly & Lee Co.

Chicago

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Poems of Patriotism

To the Soldiers of
The American Legion —
Living and Dead

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Poems of Patriotism was originally published
1918 — at the height of the World War — under th
title "Over Here." In that year "Over There
and "Over Here" had a special significance, tha
has passed with the years.

The Reverend William L. Stidger, a noted criti
says this collection embraces writing that "strike
the clearest notes of true poetry — some of th
finest poetry of patriotism that has ever been writ
ten in America." And so, the publishers feel, th
title "Poems of Patriotism" better comprehend
the contents of this volume.

In this new edition five of Mr. Guest's fines
poems of war days — written after "Over Here
was published — have been substituted for poem
that may not properly be classified as poems o
patriotism. These new poems are:

They Will Return
What He Learned
Don't Overdo It
Comrades All
The Soldier Homeward Bound

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Poems of Patriotism

They Will Return

They will not come in swinging line,
  They will not march along the street,
But they will see each tender sign
  We make for those we long to greet.
They'll see the tears in gentle eyes
  That watch the broken ranks go by,
They'll hear the mothers' sobs and sighs
  And understand the reason why.
The missing brave, for whom we yearn
In victory's hour, will all return.

Because his comrades left him there
  To sleep 'neath Flanders' poppy rows,
Think not that he will fail to share
  In all the praise the world bestows.
Think not that he will fail to hear
  The music and the shouts of joy;
He will be always hovering near.
  Oh, mother of each missing boy,
He'll know across life's dusky rim,
That all your smiles are meant for him!

When they return to sound of cheers,
And all their cruel tasks are done,
The shouts the living soldier hears
Will also reach the absent one.
When all the battle flags are furled
And peace has come to every land,
The joy that reigns throughout the world
The dead will know and understand.
They will be near to hear and see
And share in victory's jubilee.

Why We Fight

This is the thing we fight:
A cry of terror in the night;
A ship on work of mercy bent —
A carrier of the sick and maimed —
Beneath the cruel waters sent,
And those that did it, unashamed.

A woman who had tried to fill
A mother's place; had nursed the ill
And soothed the troubled brows of pain
And earned the dying's grateful prayers,
Before a wall by soldiers slain!
And such a poor pretext was theirs!

Old women pierced by bayonets grim
And babies slaughtered for a whim,
Cathedrals made the sport of shells,
No mercy, even for a child,
As though the imps of all the hells
Were crazed with drink and running wild.

All this we fight — that some day when
Good sense shall come again to men,
Our children's children may not read
This age's history thus defamed
And find we served a selfish creed
And ever be of us ashamed!

America

God has been good to men. He gave
His Only Son their souls to save,
And then he made a second gift,
Which from their dreary lives should lift
The tyrant's yoke and set them free
From all who'd throttle liberty.
He gave America to men —
Fashioned this land we love, and then
Deep in her forests sowed the seed
Which was to serve man's earthly need.

When wisps of smoke first upwards curled
From pilgrim fires, upon the world
Unnoticed and unseen, began
God's second work of grace for man.
Here where the savage roamed and fought,
God sowed the seed of nobler thought;
Here to the land we love to claim,
The pioneers of freedom came;
Here has been cradled all that's best
In every human mind and breast.

For full four hundred years and more
Our land has stretched her welcoming shore
To weary feet from soils afar;
Soul-shackled serfs of king and czar
Have journeyed here and toiled and sung

And talked of freedom to their young,
And God above has smiled to see
This precious work of liberty,
And watched this second gift He gave
The dreary lives of men to save.

And now, when liberty's at bay,
And blood-stained tyrants force the fray,
Worn warriors, battling for the right,
Crushed by oppression's cruel might,
Hear in the dark through which they grope
America's glad cry of hope:
Man's liberty is not to die!
America is standing by!
World-wide shall human lives be free:
America has crossed the sea!

America! the land we love!
God's second gift from Heaven above,
Builded and fashioned out of truth,
Sinewed by Him with splendid youth
For that glad day when shall be furled
All tyrant flags throughout the world.
For this our banner holds the sky:
That liberty shall never die.
For this, America began:
To make a brotherhood of man.

The Time for Deeds

We have boasted our courage in moments of ease,
Our star-spangled banner we've flung on the breeze;
We have taught men to cheer for its beauty and worth,
And have called it the flag of the bravest on earth.
Now the dark days are here, we must stand to the test.
Oh, God! let us prove we are true to our best!

We have drunk to our flag, and we've talked of the right,
We have challenged oppression to show us its might;
We have strutted for years through the world as a race
That for God and for country, earth's tyrants would face;
Now the gage is flung down, hate is loosed in the world.
Oh, God! shall our flag in dishonor be furled?

We have said we are brave; we have preached of the truth,
We have walked in conceit of the strength of our youth;
We have mocked at the ramparts and guns of the foe,

s though we believed we could laugh them all
low.
low oppression has struck! We are challenged
to fight!
h, God! let us prove we can stand for the right!

f in honor and glory our flag is to wave,
f we are to keep this — the land of the brave;
f more than fine words are to fashion our
creeds,
ow must our hands and our hearts turn to deeds.
Ve are challenged by tyrants our strength to
reveal!
)h, God! let us prove that our courage is real!

Everywhere in America

Not somewhere in America, but everywhere today,
Where snow-crowned mountains hold their heads, the vales where children play,
Beside the bench and whirring lathe, on every lake and stream
And in the depths of earth below, men share a common dream —
The dream our brave forefathers had of freedom and of right,
And once again in honor's cause, they rally and unite.

Not somewhere in America is love of country found,
But east and west and north and south once more the bugles sound,
And once again, as one, men stand to break their brother's chains,
And make the world a better place, where only justice reigns.
The patriotism that is here, is echoed over there,
The hero at a certain post is on guard everywhere.
O'er humble home and mansion rich the starry banner flies,
And far and near throughout the land the men of valor rise.

ıe flag that flutters o'er your home is fluttering
far away
er homes that you have never seen. The same
impulses sway
ıe souls of men in distant states. The red, the
white and blue
eans to one hundred million strong, just what
it means to you.
ıe self-same courage resolute you feel and
understand
throbbing in the breasts of men throughout
this mighty land.
ot somewhere in America, but everywhere to-
day,
or justice and for liberty all free men work
and pray.

The Things That Make a Soldier Great

The things that make a soldier great and send
    him out to die,
To face the flaming cannon's mouth, nor ever
    question why,
Are lilacs by a little porch, the row of tulips red,
The peonies and pansies, too, the old petunia bed,
The grass plot where his children play, the roses
    on the wall:
'Tis these that make a soldier great. He's fight-
    ing for them all.

'Tis not the pomp and pride of kings that make
    a soldier brave;
'Tis not allegiance to the flag that over him may
    wave;
For soldiers never fight so well on land or on
    the foam
As when behind the cause they see the little place
    called home.
Endanger but that humble street whereon his
    children run —
You make a soldier of the man who never bore
    a gun.

What is it through the battle smoke the valiant
    soldier sees?

e little garden far away, the budding apple trees,
e little patch of ground back there, the children at their play,
rhaps a tiny mound behind the simple church of gray.
e golden thread of courage isn't linked to castle dome
t to the spot, where'er it be — the humble spot called home.

d now the lilacs bud again and all is lovely there,
d homesick soldiers far away know spring is in the air;
e tulips come to bloom again, the grass once more is green,
d every man can see the spot where all his joys have been.
sees his children smile at him, he hears the bugle call,
d only death can stop him now — he's fighting for them all.

The Flag

We never knew how much the Flag
  Could mean, until he went away,
We used to boast of it and brag,
  As something of a by-gone day;
But now the Flag can start our tears
  In moments of our greatest joy,
Old Glory in the sky appears
  The symbol of our little boy.

We knew that sometimes people wept
  To see the Flag go waving by,
But never guessed the griefs they kept —
  We never understood just why.
But now our eyes grow quickly dim,
  Our voices choke with sobs today;
The Flag is telling us of him,
  Our little boy who's gone away.

We never knew the Flag could be
  So much a part of human life,
We thought it beautiful to see
  Before these bitter days of strife;
But now more beautiful it gleams,
  And deeper in our hearts it dwells;
It is the emblem of our dreams,
  For of our little boy it tells.

A Battle Prayer

God of battles, be with us now:
  Guard our sons from the lead of shame,
  Watch our sons when the cannons flame,
Let them not to a tyrant bow.

God of battles, to Thee we pray:
  Be with each loyal son who fights
  In the cause of justice and human rights,
Grant him strength and lead the way.

God of battles, our youth we give
  To the battle line on a foreign soil,
  To conquer hatred and lust and spoil;
Grant that they and their cause shall live.

Good Luck

Good luck! That's all I'm saying, as you sail
across the sea;
The best o' luck, in the parting, is the prayer
you get from me.
May you never meet a danger that you won't
come safely through,
May you never meet a German that can get the
best of you;
Oh! A thousand things may happen when a fel-
low's at the front,
A thousand different mishaps, but here's hoping
that they won't.

Good luck! That's all I'm saying, as you turn
away to go,
Good luck and plenty of it, may it be your lot to
know;
May you never meet rough weather, but remem-
ber if you do
That the folks at home are wishing that you'll all
come safely through.
Oh! A thousand things may happen when a fel-
low bears the brunt
Of His Country's fight for glory, but I'm pray-
ing that they won't.

Good luck! That's all I'm saying as you're fall-
ing into line;

y the splendor of your service bring you
everything that's fine;
y the fates deal kindly with you, may you
never know distress,
d may every task you tackle end triumphant
with success.
! A thousand things may happen that with
joy your life will fill;
u may not get all the gladness, but I'm hoping
that you will.

A Prayer, 1918

Oh, make us worthy,
God, we pray,
To do thy service
Here to-day;
Endow us with
The strength we need
For every
Sacrificial deed!

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The Change

'Twas hard to think that he must go,
We knew that we should miss him so,
We thought that he must always stay
Beside us, laughing, day by day;
That he must never know the care
And hurt and grief of life out there.
Then came the call for youth, and he
Talked with his mother and with me,
And suddenly we learned the boy
Was hungering to know the joy
Of doing something real with life,
And that he craved the test of strife.

And so we steeled ourselves to dread;
To see at night his empty bed;
To feel the silence and the gloom
That hovers o'er his vacant room,
And though we wept the day he went,
And many a lonely hour we've spent,
We've come to think as he, somehow,
And we are more contented now;
We're proud that we can stand and say
We have a boy who's gone away.
And we are glad to know that he
Is serving where he ought to be.

It's queer, the change that time has brought;
We're different now in speech and thought;

His letters home mean joy to us,
His difficulties we discuss.
When word of his promotion came,
His mother, with her eyes aflame
With happiness and pride, rushed out
To tell the neighbors round about.
Her boy! Her boy is doing well!
What greater news can mothers tell?
I think that pity now we show
For those who have no boys to go.

Mothers and Wives

Mothers and wives, 'tis the call to arms
That the bugler yonder prepares to sound;
We stand on the brink of war's alarms
And your men may lie on a bloodstained ground.
The drums may play and the flags may fly,
And our boys may don the brown and blue,
And the call that summons brave men to die
Is the call for glorious women, too.

Mothers and wives, if the summons comes,
You, as ever since war has been,
Must hear with courage the rolling drums
And dry your tears when the flags are seen.
For never has hero fought and died
Who has braver been than the mother, who
Buckled his saber at his side,
And sent him forward to dare and do.

Mothers and wives, should the call ring out,
It is you must answer your country's cry;
You must furnish brave hearts and stout
For the firing line where the heroes die.
And never a corpse on the field of strife
Should be honored more in his country's sight
Than the noble mother or noble wife
Who sent him forth in the cause of right.

others and wives, 'tis the call for men
To give their strength and to give their lives;
it well we know, such a summons then
Is the call for mothers and loyal wives.
or you must give us the strength we need,
You must give us the boys in blue,
or never a boy or a man shall bleed
But a mother or wife shall suffer, too.

The Call to Service

These are the days when little thoughts
Must cease men's minds to occupy;
The nation needs men's larger creeds,
Big men must answer to her cry;
No longer selfish ways we tread,
The greater task lies just ahead.

These are the days when petty things
By all men must be thrust aside;
The country needs men's finest deeds,
Awakened is the nation's pride;
Men must forsake their selfish strife
Once more to guard their country's life.

Kelly Ingram

His name was Kelly Ingram; he was Alabama's
son,
And he whistled "Yankee Doodle," as he stood
beside his gun;
There was laughter in his make-up, there was
manhood in his face,
And he knew the best traditions and the courage
of his race;
Now there's not a heart among us but should
swell with loyal pride
When he thinks of Kelly Ingram and the splendid
way he died.

On the swift Destroyer Cassin he was merely
gunner's mate,
But up there to-day, I fancy, he is standing with
the great.
On that grim day last October his position on
the craft
Was that portion of the vessel which the sailors
christen aft;
There were deep sea bombs beside him to be
dropped upon the Hun
Who makes women folks his victims and then
gloats o'er what he's done.

From the lookout came a warning; came the
cry all sailors fear,

torpedo was approaching, and the vessel's
doom was near;
gram saw the streak of danger, but he saw a
little more,
greater menace faced them than that missile
had in store;
those deep sea bombs beside him were not
thrown beneath the wave,
ery man aboard the Cassin soon would find a
watery grave.

was death for him to linger, but he figured
if he ran
d quit his post of duty, 'twould be death for
every man;
he stood at his position, threw those depth
bombs overboard,
l when that torpedo struck them, he went
forth to meet his Lord.
. I don't know how to say it, but these whole
United States
uld remember Kelly Ingram — he who died
to save his mates.

The Joy to Be

Oh, mother, be you brave of heart and keep
your bright eyes shining;
Some day the smiles of joy shall start and you
shall cease repining.
Beyond the dim and distant line the days of
peace are waiting,
When you shall have your soldier fine, and men
shall turn from hating.

Oh, mother, bear the pain a-while, as long ago
you bore it;
You suffered then to win his smile, and you
were happier for it;
And now you suffer once again, and bear your
weight of sorrow;
Yet you shall thrill with gladness when he wins
the glad to-morrow.

Oh, mother, when the cannons roar and all the
brave are fighting,
Remember that the son you bore the wrongs
of earth is righting;
Remember through the hours of pain that he
with all his brothers
Is battling there to win again a happy world
for mothers.

If He Should Meet a Mother There

If he should meet a mother there
Along some winding Flanders road,
No extra touch of grief or care
He'll add unto her heavy load.
But he will kindly take her arm
And tender as her son will be;
He'll lead her from the path of harm
Because of me.

Be she the mother of his foe,
He will not speak to her in hate;
My boy will never stoop so low
As motherhood to desecrate.
But she shall know what once I knew —
Eyes that are glorious to see,
The light of manhood shining through —
Because of me.

He will salute her as they meet,
And stand before her bare of head;
If she be hungry, she may eat
His last remaining bit of bread.
She'll find those splendid arms and strong
Quick to assist her, tenderly,
And they will guard her from all wrong
Because of me.

I miss his thoughtful, loving care;
I miss his smile these dreary days;
But should he meet a mother there,
Helpless and lost in war's grim maze,
She need not fear to take his arm,
As though she'd reared him at her knee;
My son will shield her from all harm
Because of me.

A Father's Tribute

I don't know what they'll put him at, or what his post may be;
I cannot guess the task that waits for him across the sea,
But I have known him through the years, and when there's work to do,
I know he'll meet his duty well, I'll swear that he'll be true.

I sometimes fear that he may die, but never that he'll shirk;
If death shall want him death must go and take him at his work;
This splendid sacrifice he makes is filled with terrors grim,
And I have many thoughts of fear, but not one fear of him.

ıe foe may rob my life of joy, the foe may
take my all,
ıd desolate my days shall be if he shall have to
fall,
ıt this I know, whate'er may be the grief that
I must face,
)on his record there will be no blemish of dis-
grace.

ıs days have all been splendid days, there lies
no broken trust
ong the pathway of his youth to molder in
the dust;
)nor and truth have marked his ways, in him
I can be glad;
ı is as fine and true a son as ever a father had.

Runner McGee

(Who had "Return if Possible" Orders.)

"You've heard a good deal of the telephone
wires," he said as we sat at our ease,
And talked of the struggle that's taking men's
lives in these terrible days o'er the seas,
"But I've been through the thick of the thing
and I know when a battle's begun,
It isn't the phone you depend on for help. It's
the legs of a boy who can run.

"It isn't because of the phone that I'm here.
To-day you are talking to me
Because of the grit and the pluck of a boy. His
title was Runner McGee.
We were up to our dead line an' fighting alone;
some plan had miscarried, I guess,
And the help we were promised had failed to
arrive. We were showing all signs of
distress.

"Our curtain of fire was ahead of us still, an'
theirs was behind us an' thick,
An' there wasn't a thing we could do for our-
selves—the few of us left had to stick.
You haven't much chance to get central an' talk
on the phone to the music of guns;
Gettin' word to the chief is a matter right then
that is up to the fellow who runs.

I'd sent four of 'em back with the R. I. P.
sign, which means to return if you can,
it none of 'em got through the curtain of fire;
my hurry call died with the man.
ien Runner McGee said he'd try to get through.
I hated to order the kid
i his mission of death; thought he'd never get
by, but somehow or other he did.

ics, he's dead. Died an hour after bringing
us word that the chief was aware of our
plight,
i' for us to hang on to the ditch that we held;
the reserves would relieve us at night.
en we stuck to our trench an' we stuck to our
guns; you know how you'll fight when
you know
at new strength is coming to fill up the gaps.
There's heart in the force of your blow.

t wasn't till later I got all the facts. They
wanted McGee to remain.
ey begged him to stay. He had cheated death
once an' was foolish to try it again.
. I. P. are my orders,' he answered them all,
'an' back to the boys I must go;
ur of us died comin' out with the news. It
will help them to know that you know.'"

The Girl He Left Behind

We used to think her frivolous — you know how
parents are,
A little quick to see the faults and petty flaws
that mar
The girl their son is fond of and may choose
to make his wife,
A little overjealous of the one who'd share his
life;
But the girl he left behind him when he bravely
marched away
Has blossomed into beauty that we see and need
to-day.

She was with us at the depot, and we turned our
backs a-while,
And her eyes were sad and misty, though she
tried her best to smile.
Then she put her arm round mother, and it
seemed to me as though
They just grew to love each other, for they
shared a common woe.
Now she often comes to see us, and it seems
to me we find
A heap of solid comfort in the girl he left be-
hind.

"She's so sensible and gentle," mother said last
night to me,

The kind of girl I've often wished and prayed
his wife would be.
ıd I like to have her near us, for she under-
stands my sighs
ıd I see my brave boy smiling when I look into
her eyes."
›w the presence of his sweetheart seems to fill
our home with joy.
e's no longer young and flighty — she's the
girl who loves our boy.

A Patriotic Creed

To serve my country day by day
At any humble post I may;
To honor and respect her Flag,
To live the traits of which I brag;
To be American in deed
As well as in my printed creed.

To stand for truth and honest toil,
To till my little patch of soil
And keep in mind the debt I owe
To them who died that I might know
My country, prosperous and free,
And passed this heritage to me.

I must always in trouble's hour
Be guided by the men in power;
For God and country I must live,
My best for God and country give;
No act of mine that men may scan
Must shame the name American.

To do my best and play my part,
American in mind and heart;
To serve the flag and bravely stand
To guard the glory of my land;
To be American in deed,
God grant me strength to keep this creed.

His Room

His room is as it used to be
  Before he went away,
The walls still keep the pennants he
  Brought home but yesterday.
The picture of his baseball team
  Still holds its favored spot,
And oh, it seems a dreadful dream,
  This age of shell and shot!

His golf clubs in the corner stand;
  His tennis racket, too,
That once the pressure of his hand
  In times of laughter knew
Is in the place it long has kept
  For us to look upon.
The room is as it was, except
  The boy, himself, has gone.

The pictures of his girls are here,
  Still smiling as of yore,
And everything that he held dear
  Is treasured as before.
Into his room his mother goes
  As usual, day by day,
And cares for it, although she knows
  Our boy is far away.

We keep it as he left it, when
He bade us all good-bye,
Though I confess that, now and then,
We view it with a sigh.
For never night shall thrill with joy
Nor day be free from gloom
Until once more our soldier boy
Shall occupy his room.

Envy

It's a bigger thing you're doing than the most
of us have done;
We have lived the days of pleasure; now the
gray days have begun,
And upon your manly shoulders fall the burdens
of the strife;
Yours must be the sacrifices of the trial time of
life.
Oh, I don't know how to say it, but I'll never
think of you
Without wishing I were sharing in the work you
have to do.

I have never known a moment that was fraught
with real care,
Save the hurts and griefs of sorrow that all
mortals have to bear;

:h the gay and smiling marchers I have
tramped on pleasant ways,
l have paid with feeble service for the glad-
ness of my days.
to you has come a summons, yours are days
of sacrifice,
l for all life has of sweetness you must pay
a bitter price.

n have fought and died before me, men must
fight and die to-day,
ave merely taken pleasures for which others
had to pay;
ave been a man of laughter, there's no path
my feet have made,
ave merely been a marcher in life's gaudy
dress parade.
you wear the garb of service, you have splen-
did deeds to do,
u shall sound the depths of manhood, and my
boy, I envy you.

For Your Boy and Mine

Your dream and my dream is not that we shall
rest,
But that our children after us shall know life at
its best;
For all we care about ourselves — a crust of
bread or two,
A place to sleep and clothes to wear is all that
we'd pursue.
We'd tramp the world on sunny days, both light
of heart and mind,
And give no thought to days to come or days
we leave behind.

Your dream and my dream is not that we shall
play,
But that our children after us shall tread a merry
way.
We brave the toil of life for them, for them we
clamber high,
And if 'twould spare them hurt and pain, for
them we'd gladly die.
If we had but ourselves to serve, we'd quit the
ways of pride
And with the simplest joys of earth we'd all be
satisfied.

The best for them is what we dream. Our little
girls and boys

ust know the finest life can give of comforts
and of joys.
ey must be shielded well from woe and kept
secure from care,
ıd if we could, upon our backs, their burdens
we would bear.
d so once more we rise to-day to face the bat-
tle zone
at those who follow us may know the Flag
that we have known.

ur dream and my dream is not that we shall
live;
e greatest joys we hope to claim are those that
we shall give.
face the heat and strife of life, its battle and
its toil
ıt those who follow us may know the best of
freedom's soil.
l if we knew that by our death we'd keep that
flag on high,
your boy and my boy, how gladly we would
die.

Soldierly

The glory of a soldier — and a soldier's not a saint —
Is the way he does his duty without grumbling or complaint;
His work's not always pleasant, but he does it rain or shine,
And he grabs a bit of glory when he's fighting in the line;
But the lesson that he teaches every day to me an' you
Is the way to do a duty that we do not like to do.

Any sort o' chap can whistle when his work is mostly fun;
A hundred want the pleasant jobs to every sturdy one
That'll grab the dreary duty an' the mean an' lowly task,
Or the drab an' cheerless service that life often has to ask;
But somebody has to do it, an' the test of me an' you
Is the way we face the labor that we do not like to do.

Now, it isn't very pleasant standin' guard out in the rain

ut it's in the line o' duty, an' no soldier will
complain,
n' there isn't any soldier but what sometimes
hates his work
hen the dress parade is over, an' perhaps he'd
like to shirk,
ut he's there to follow orders, not to pick an'
choose his post,
n' he sometimes shines the finest at the job
he hates the most.

t's be soldiers in the struggle, let's be loyal
through and through;
fe is going to give us duties that perhaps we'll
hate to do.
ere'll be little sacrifices that we will not like
to make,
ere'll be many tasks unpleasant that will fall
to us to take.
n' although we all would rather do the work
that brings applause,
t's forget our whims and fancies an' just labor
for the cause.

The Alarm

Get off your downy cots of ease,
  There's work that must be done.
Great danger's riding on the seas.
  The storm is coming on.
Don't think that it will quickly pass.
  Who smiles at distant fate,
And waits until it strikes, alas!
  Has roused himself too late.

Who thinks the fight will end before
  The need of him arrives,
Is lengthening this brutal war
  And costing many lives.
For over us that storm shall break
  Ere many weeks have fled,
And we shall pay for our mistake
  In fields of mangled dead.

Be ready when the foe shall near,
  Be there to strike him hard;
Let us, though he be miles from here,
  Be standing now on guard.
To-morrow's victories won't be won
  By pluck that we display
To-morrow when the foe comes on,
  But by our work to-day.

is mother's eyes are saddened, and her cheeks
are stained with tears,
nd I'm facing now the struggle that I've
dreaded through the years;
or the boy that was our baby has been changed
into a man.
e's enlisted in the army as a true American.

e held her for a moment in his arms before
he spoke,
nd I watched him as he kissed her, and it
seemed to me I'd choke,
or I knew just what was coming, and I knew
just what he'd done!
nother little mother had a soldier for a son.

hen we'd pulled ourselves together, and the
first quick tears had dried,
e could see his eyes were blazing with the fire
of manly pride;
e could see his head was higher than it ever
was before,
or we had a man to cherish, and our baby was
no more.

n, I don't know how to say it! With the sor-
row comes the joy

That there isn't any coward in the make-up of
our boy.
And with pride our hearts are swelling, though
with grief they're also hit,
For the boy that was our baby has stepped
forth to do his bit.

The Mother Faith

Little mother, life's adventure calls your boy
away,
Yet he will return to you on some brighter day;
Dry your tears and cease to sigh, keep your
mother smile,
Brave and strong he will come back in a little
while.

Little mother, heed them not — they who preach
despair —
You shall have your boy again, brave and oh,
so fair!
Life has need of him to-day, but with victory
won,
Safely life shall bring to you once again your
son.

ttle mother, keep the faith: not to death he goes;
are with him the joy of worth that your soldier knows.
e is giving to the Flag all that man can give,
nd if you believe he will, surely he will live.

ttle mother, through the night of his absence long,
ever cease to think of him — brave and well and strong;
ou shall know his kiss again, you shall see his smile,
or your boy shall come to you in a little while.

Thoughts of a Soldier

Since men with life must purchase life
And some must die that more may live,
Unto the Great Cashier of strife
A fine accounting let me give.
Perhaps to-morrow I shall stand
Before his cage, prepared to buy
New splendor for my native land:
Oh, God, then bravely let me die!

If after I shall fall, shall rise
A fairer land than I have known,
I shall not grudge my sacrifice,
Although I pay the price alone.
If still more beautiful to see
The Stars and Stripes o'er men shall wave
And finer shall my country be,
To-morrow let me find my grave.

To-night life seems so fair and sweet,
Yet tyranny is stalking here,
And hate and lust and foul deceit
Hang heavy on the atmosphere.
Injustice seeks to throttle right,
And laughter's stifled to a sigh.
If death can take so great a blight
From human lives, then let me die.

death must be the cost of life,
And freedom's terms are human souls,
to the thickest of the strife
Then let me go to pay the tolls.
would enrich my native land,
New splendor to her flag I'd give,
where I fall shall freedom stand,
And where I die shall freedom live.

-morrow death with me may trade;
Let me not quibble o'er the price;
t may I, once the bargain's made,
With courage meet the sacrifice.
happiness for ages long
My little term of life can buy,
d, for my country make me strong;
To-morrow let me bravely die.

The Flag on the Farm

We've raised a flagpole on the farm
And flung Old Glory to the sky,
And it's another touch of charm
That seems to cheer the passer-by,
But more than that, no matter where
We're laboring in wood and field,
We turn and see it in the air,
Our promise of a greater yield.
It whispers to us all day long
From dawn to dusk: "Be true, be strong;
Who falters now with plough or hoe
Gives comfort to his country's foe."

It seems to me I've never tried
To do so much about the place,
Nor been so slow to come inside,
But since I've got the Flag to face,
Each night when I come home to rest
I feel that I must look up there
And say: "Old Flag, I've done my best,
To-day I've tried to do my share."
And sometimes, just to catch the breeze,
I stop my work, and o'er the trees
Old Glory fairly shouts my way:
"You're shirking far too much to-day!"

The help have caught the spirit, too;
The hired man takes off his cap

Before the old red, white and blue,
Then to the horses says: "Giddap!"
And starting bravely to the field
He tells the milkmaid by the door:
"We're going to make these acres yield
More than they've ever done before."
She smiles to hear his gallant brag,
Then drops a curtsey to the Flag,
And in her eyes there seems to shine
A patriotism that is fine.

We've raised a flagpole on the farm
And flung Old Glory to the sky,
We're far removed from war's alarm,
But courage here is running high.
We're doing things we never dreamed
We'd ever find the time to do;
Deeds that impossible once seemed
Each morning now we hurry through.
The Flag now waves above our toil
And sheds its glory on the soil,
And boy and man look up to it
As if to say: "I'll do my bit!"

The Mother on the Sidewalk

The mother on the sidewalk as the troops are
marching by
Is the mother of Old Glory that is waving in the
sky.
Men have fought to keep it splendid, men have
died to keep it bright,
But that flag was born of woman and her suffer-
ings day and night;
'Tis her sacrifice has made it, and once more we
ought to pray
For the brave and loyal mother of the boy that
goes away.

There are days of grief before her, there are
hours that she will weep,
There are nights of anxious waiting when her
fear will banish sleep;
She has heard her country calling and has risen
to the test,
And has placed upon the altar of the nation's
need, her best.
And no man shall ever suffer in the turmoil of
the fray
The anguish of the mother of the boy who goes
away.

You may boast men's deeds of glory, you may
tell their courage great,

ut to die is easier service than alone to sit and
wait,
nd I hail the little mother, with the tear-stained
face and grave
'ho has given the Flag a soldier—she's the
bravest of the brave.
nd that banner we are proud of, with its red
and blue and white
a lasting tribute holy to all mothers' love of
right.

The Big Deeds

We are done with little thinking and we're done
with little deeds,
We are done with petty conduct and we're done
with narrow creeds;
We have grown to men and women, and we've
noble work to do,
And to-day we are a people with a larger point
of view.
In a big way we must labor, if our Flag shall
always fly.
In a big way some must suffer, in a big way
some must die.

There must be no little dreaming in the visions
that we see,
There must be no selfish planning in the joys that
are to be;
We have set our faces eastwards to the rising
of the sun
That shall light a better nation, and there's big
work to be done.
And the petty souls and narrow, seeking only
selfish gain,
Shall be vanquished by the toilers big enough to
suffer pain.

It's a big task we have taken; 'tis for others we
must fight.

'e must see our duty clearly in a white and
shining light;
'e must quit our little circles where we've moved
in little ways,
ıd work, as men and women, for the bigger,
better days.
'e must quit our selfish thinking and our nar-
row views and creeds,
ıd as people, big and splendid, we must do the
bigger deeds.

The Wrist Watch Man

He is marching dusty highways and he's riding
bitter trails,
His eyes are clear and shining and his muscles
hard as nails.
He is wearing Yankee khaki and a healthy coat
of tan,
And the chap that we are backing is the Wrist
Watch Man.

He's no parlor dude, a-prancing, he's no puny
pacifist,
And it's not for affectation there's a watch upon
his wrist.
He's a fine two-fisted scrapper, he is pure Amer-
ican,
And the backbone of the nation is the Wrist
Watch Man.

He is marching with a rifle, he is digging in a
trench,
He is swapping English phrases with a poilu for
his French;
You will find him in the navy doing anything he
can,
For at every post of duty is the Wrist Watch
Man.

Oh, the time was that we chuckled at the soft
and flabby chap
Who wore a little wrist watch that was fastened
with a strap.
But the chuckles all have vanished, and with
glory now we scan
The courage and the splendor of the Wrist Watch
Man.

He is not the man we laughed at, not the one
who won our jeers,
He's the man that we are proud of, he's the man
that owns our cheers;
He's the finest of the finest, he's the bravest of
the clan,
And I pray for God's protection for our Wrist
Watch Man.

Follow the Flag

Aye, we will follow the Flag
  Wherever she goes,
Into the tropic sun,
  Into the northern snows;
Go where the guns ring out
  Scattering steel and lead,
Painting the hills with blood,
  Strewing the fields with dead.
But in each heart must be,
  And back of each bitter gun,
Love for the best in life
  After the fighting's done.

Aye, we will follow the Flag
  Into benighted lands,
Brave in the faith for which,
  Proudly, our banner stands.
Life for her life we'll pay,
  Blood for her blood we'll give,
Fighting, but not to kill,
  Save that the best shall live.
But, when the cannon's roar
  Dies in a hymn of peace,
Justice and truth must reign,
  Power of the brute must cease.

Aye, we will follow the Flag,
  Gladly her work we'll do,

Banishing wrongs of old,
Founding the truth anew.
What though our guns must speak,
What though brave men must die,
Ages of truth to come
All this shall justify.
Men in the charms of peace,
Basking in Freedom's sun,
Some day shall bless our Flag
After our work is done.

Aye, we will follow the Flag
Wherever she goes,
Into the tropic sun,
Into the northern snows.
Fearlessly, on we'll go
Into the cruel strife,
Gladly the few shall die,
Winning for many, life.
Tyranny's wrongs must cease,
Brutes must no longer brag,
This is our work on earth,
So we will follow the Flag.

We've Had a Letter From the Boy

We've had a letter from the boy,
And oh, the gladness and the joy
It brought to us! We read it o'er
I'd say a dozen times or more.
We laughed until the teardrops fell
At all the fun he had to tell.
He's in the navy, wearing blue,
And everything is all so new
That he can see in youthful style
The funny things to make us smile.

He's working hard! Between the lines
We gather that. The brass he shines
Without complaining, and the food
He gets to eat is very crude.
And yet he laughs at all his chores.
He says the maid who scrubs our floors
Will have to quit when he returns
Unless a better way she learns.
"I've got it on the fairer sex,"
Says he, "since I am swabbing decks."

"A sailor's life, dear Mom," writes he,
"Is not the life you picked for me.
And yet I'm getting fat and strong
And learning as I go along
That any life a man can find
Is apt to grow to be a grind

Unless a fellow has the wit
To see the brighter side of it.
Don't worry for your sailor son;
He sleeps well when his work is done."

We've had a letter from the boy,
And oh, the gladness and the joy
It brought to us! 'Twas good to know
That he is facing duty so.
Between the lines that he had penned
His mother's bitter fears to end,
I saw his manhood glowing bright,
And now I know his heart is right.
Behind the laughter I could see
My boy's the man I'd hoped he'd be.

Exempt

They have said you needn't go to the front to face the foe;
They have left you with your women and your children safe at home;
They have spared you from the crash of the murderous guns that flash
And the horrors and the madness and the death across the foam.
But it's your fight, just the same, and your country still must claim
The splendor of your manhood and the best that you can do;
In a thousand different ways through the dark and troubled days,
You must stand behind the nation that has been so good to you.

You're exempt from shot and shell, from the havoc and the hell
That have robbed the world of gladness; you have missed the sterner fate
Of the brave young men and fine, that are falling into line,
You may stay among your children who are swinging on the gate.
But you're not exempt from love of the Flag that flies above,

You've a greater obligation to your country
to be true;
ou must work from day to day in a bigger,
better way
For the glory of the nation that has been so
good to you.

ou are not exempt from trial, from long days of
self-denial,
From devotion to your homeland and from
courage in the test.
ou are not exempt from giving to your coun-
try's needs and living
As a citizen and soldier — an example of the
best.
ou've a harder task before you than the boys
who're fighting for you,
You must match their splendid courage and de-
votion through and through;
ou must prove by fine endeavor, and by stand-
ing constant ever
That you're worthy of the country that has
been so good to you.

Duty

We know not where the path may lead nor what
the end may be,
The clouds are dark above us now, the future
none can see,
And yet when all the storms have passed, and
cannons cease to roar,
We shall be prouder of our flag than we have
been before.

We could not longer idle stay, spectators of a
wrong,
The weak were crying out for help against
oppression strong;
And though we pray we may be spared the
bitterness of strife,
'Twere better that we die than live the coward's
feeble life.

We could not longer silent sit, our glory at an
end,
And blind ourselves unto the wrongs committed
by a friend;
We must be tolerant with all, yet in these days
of hate,
Some things have happened that it would be
shame to tolerate.

And now we stand before the world, erect and
calm and grave,
And speak the words that decency must rule the
land and wave;
Into the chaos of despair we fling ourselves
to-day
As guardians of a precious trust hate must not
sweep away.

We must rejoice, if we are men, not weak and
soft of heart
That we have heeded duty's call, and taken up
our part.
And when at last sweet peace shall come, and
all the strife is o'er,
We shall be prouder of our flag than we have
been before.

A Prayer

God grant to us the strength of men,
The patience of the brave;
The wisdom to be silent, when
The days with doubt are grave.
When dangers come, as come they must,
Throughout the trying hours
Let us continue still to trust
That triumph shall be ours.

We have foresworn our days of ease
To battle for the right,
To venture over troubled seas
Oppression's wrongs to fight.
And we have pledged ourselves to grief,
And bitter hurt and pain,
Then must we cling to this belief:
We suffer not in vain.

God grant to us the strength of men,
God help us to be true
Until that glorious morning when
The world shall smile anew.
We shall be tested sore and tried,
And flayed by many fears,
Yet let us in this faith abide,
That right shall rule the years.

Sympathy

One came to the house with a pretty speech:
"It's all for the best," said he,
And I know that he sought my heart to reach,
And I know that he grieved with me.

But I was too full of my sorrow then
To list to his words or care;
Though I've tried I cannot recall again
The comfort he gave me there.

But another came, and his lips were dumb
As he grasped me by the hand,
And he stammered: "Old man, I had to come,
Oh, I hope you'll understand."

And ever since then I have felt his hand
Clasped tightly in my own,
And to-day his silence I understand —
My sorrowing he had known.

Hate

They say we must not hate, nor fight in hate.
I've thought it over many a solemn hour,
And cannot mildly view the man or state
That has no thought, save only to be great;
I cannot love the creature drunk with power.
I hate the hand that slaughters babes at sea,
I hate that will that orders wives to die.
And there is something rises up in me
When brutes run wild in crime and lechery
That soft adjustments will not satisfy.

Men seldom fight the things they do not hate;
A vice grows strong on mildly tempered scorn;
Rank thrives the weed the gardeners tolerate;
You cannot stroke the snake that lies in wait,
And change his nature with to-morrow's morn.
If roses are to bloom, the weeds must go;
Vice be dethroned if virtue is to reign;
Honor and shame together cannot grow,
Sin either conquers or we lay it low,
Wrong must be hated if the truth remain.

I hold that we must fight this war in hate —
In bitter hate of blood in fury spilled;
Of children, bending over book and slate,
Slaughtered to make a Prussian despot great;
In hate of mothers pitilessly killed.

In hate of liars plotting wars for gain;
In hate of crimes too black for printed page;
In hate of wrongs that mark the tyrant's reign —
And crush forever all within his train.
Such hate shall be the glory of our age.

General Pershing

He isn't long on speeches. At the banquet table, he
Could name a dozen places where he would much rather be.
He's not one for fuss and feathers or for marching in review,
But he's busy every minute when he's got a job to do.
And you'll find him in the open, fighting hard and fighting square
For the glory of his country when his boys get over there.

He has listened to the cheering of the splendid folks of France,
And he knows that he's the leader of America's advance,
And he knows his task is mighty and that words will not avail,

So he's standing to his duty, for he isn't there
to fail.
And you'll find him cool and steady when the
guns begin to flare,
And he'll talk in deeds of glory when his boys
get over there.

He has gone to face the fury of the Prussian
hordes that sweep
O'er the fertile fields of Freedom, where the
forms of heroes sleep,
And it seems no time for talking or for laughter
or for cheers,
With the wounded all about him and their moan-
ing in his ears.
He is waiting for to-morrow, waiting there to
do his share,
And he'll strike a blow for freedom when his
boys get over there.

The Better Thing

It is better to die for the flag,
For its red and its white and its blue,
Than to hang back and shirk and to lag
And let the flag sink out of view.
It is better to give up this life
In the heat and the thick of the strife
Than to live out your days 'neath a sky,
Where Old Glory shall never more fly.

The peace that we long for will be
Far worse than the war that we dread
If never again we're to see
The blue, and the white and the red
Wind-tossed and sun-kissed in the skies.
If ever the Stars and Stripes dies
Or loses its lustre and pride,
We shall wish in our souls we had died.

It is better by far that we die
Than that flag shall pass out of the world;
If ever it ceases to fly,
If ever it's hauled down and furled,
Dishonor shall stamp us with shame
And freedom be naught but a name,
And the few years of dearly-bought breath
Will be filled with worse horrors than death.

To a Lady Knitting

Little woman, hourly sitting,
Something for a soldier knitting,
What in fancy can you see?
Many pictures come to me
Through the stitch that now you're making:
I behold a bullet breaking;
I can see some soldier lying
In that garment slowly dying,
And that very bit of thread
In your fingers, turns to red.
Gray to-day; perhaps to-morrow
Crimsoned by the blood of sorrow.

It may be some hero daring
Shall that very thing be wearing
When he ventures forth to give
Life that other men may live.
He may braver wield the saber
As a tribute to your labor,
And for that, which you have knitted,
Better for his task be fitted.
When the thread has left your finger,
Something of yourself may linger,
Something of your lovely beauty
May sustain him in his duty.

Some one's boy that was a baby
Soon shall wear it, and it may be

He will write and tell his mother
Of the kindness of another,
And her spirit shall caress you,
And her prayers at night shall bless you.
You may never know its story,
Cannot know the grief or glory
That are destined now and hover
Over him your wool shall cover,
Nor what spirit shall invade it
Once your gentle hands have made it.

Little woman, hourly sitting,
Something for a soldier knitting,
'Tis no common garb you're making,
These, no common pains you're taking.
Something lovely, holy, lingers
O'er the needles in your fingers
And with every stitch you're weaving
Something of yourself you're leaving.
From your gentle hands and tender
There may come a nation's splendor,
And from this, your simple duty,
Life may win a fairer beauty.

A Good Soldier

He writes to us most every day, and how his
letters thrill us!
I can't describe the joys with which his quaint
expressions fill us.
He says the military life is not of his selection,
He's only soldiering to-day to give the Flag pro-
tection.
But since he's in the army now and doing duties
humble,
He'll do what all good soldiers must, and he will
never grumble.

He's not so keen for standing guard, a lonely
vigil keeping,
"But when I must," he writes to us, "they'll
never find me sleeping!
I hear a lot of boys complain about the tasks
they set us
And there's no doubt that mother's meals can
beat the ones they get us,
But since I'm here to do my bit, close to the
job I'm sticking;
I'll take whatever comes my way and waste no
word in kicking.

"I'd like to be a captain, dad, a major or a
colonel,

'd like to get my picture in some illustrated
journal;
don't exactly fancy jobs that now and then
come my way,
ike picking bits of rubbish up that desecrate
the highway.
ut still I'll do those menial tasks as cheerfully
as could one,
or while I am a private here I'm going to be
a good one.

A soldier's life is not the way I'd choose to
make my living,
ut now I'm in the ranks to serve, my best to
it I'm giving.
h, I could name a dozen jobs that I'd consider
finer,
ut since I've got this one to do I'll never be a
whiner.
m just a private in the ranks, but take it from
my letter,
hey'll never fire your son for one who'll do
his duty better."

His Santa Claus

He will not come to him this year with all his
old-time joy,
An imitation Santa Claus must serve his little
boy;
Last year he heard the reindeers paw the roof
above his head,
And as he dreamed the kindly saint tip-toed
about his bed,
But Christmas Eve he will not come by any happy
chance;
This year his kindly Santa Claus must guard a
trench in France.

His mother bravely tries to smile; last Christmas
Eve was gay;
Last Christmas morn his daddy rose at dawn with
him to play;
This year he'll hang his stocking by the chim-
ney, but the hands
That filled it with the joys he craved now serve
in foreign lands.
He is too young to understand his mother's
troubled glance,
But he that was his Santa Claus is in a trench
in France.

Somewhere in France this Christmas Eve a sol-
dier brave will be,

And all that night in fancy he will trim a Christmas tree;
And all that night he'll live again the joys that once he had
When he was good St. Nicholas unto a certain lad.
And he will wonder if his boy, by any sad mischance,
Will find his stocking empty just because he serves in France.

Show the Flag

Show the flag and let it wave
As a symbol of the brave;
Let it float upon the breeze
As a sign for each who sees
That beneath it, where it rides,
Loyalty to-day abides.

Show the flag and signify
That it wasn't born to die;
Let its colors speak for you
That you still are standing true,
True in sight of God and man
To the work that flag began.

Show the flag that all may see
That you serve humanity.
Let it whisper to the breeze
That comes singing through the trees
That whatever storms descend
You'll be faithful to the end.

Show the flag and let it fly,
Cheering every passer-by —
Men that may have stepped aside,
May have lost their old-time pride,
May behold it there, and then
Consecrate themselves again.

Show the flag! The day is gone
When men blindly hurry on
Serving only gods of gold;
Now the spirit that was cold
Warms again to courage fine.
Show the flag and fall in line!

The Honor Roll

The boys upon the honor roll, God bless them all, I pray!
God watch them when they sleep at night, and guard them through the day.
We've stamped their names upon our walls, the list in glory grows,
Our brave boys and our splendid boys who stand to meet our foes.

Oh, here are sons of mothers fair and fathers fine and true,
The little ones of yesterday, the children that we knew;
We thought of them as youngsters gay, still laughing at their games,
And then we found the honor roll emblazoned with their names.

We missed their laughter and their cheer; it
seems but yesterday
We had them here to walk with us, and now
they've marched away.
And here where once their smiles were seen we
keep a printed scroll;
The absent boy we long to see is on the honor
roll.

So quickly did the summons come we scarcely
marked the change,
One day life marched its normal pace, the next
all things seemed strange,
And when we questioned where they were, the
sturdiest of us all,
We saw the silent honor roll on each familiar
wall.

The laughter that we knew has gone; the merry
voice of youth
No longer rings where graybeards sit, discussing
sombre truth.
No longer jests are flung about to rouse our
weary souls,
For they who meant so much to us are on our
honor rolls.

The Princess Pats

A touch of the plain and the prairie,
  A bit of the Motherland, too;
A strain of the fur-trapper wary,
  A blend of the old and the new;
A bit of the pioneer splendor
  That opened the wilderness' flats,
A touch of the home-lover, tender,
  You'll find in the boys they call Pats.

The glory and grace of the maple,
  The strength that is born of the wheat,
The pride of a stock that is staple,
  The bronze of a midsummer heat;
A blending of wisdom and daring,
  The best of a new land, and that's
The regiment gallantly bearing
  The neat little title of Pats.

A bit of the man who has neighbored
  With mountains and forests and streams,
A touch of the man who has labored
  To model and fashion his dreams;
The strength of an age of clean living,
  Of right-minded fatherly chats,
The best that a land could be giving
  Is there in the breasts of the Pats.

July the Fourth, 1917

Time was the cry went round the world:
  America for freedom speaks,
A new flag is today unfurled,
  An eagle on the mountain shrieks,
A king is failing on his throne,
  A race of men defies his power!
And no one could have guessed or known
  The burden of that splendid hour.

A bell rang out that summer day
  And men and women stood and heard;
That tongue of brass had more to say
  Than could be spoken by a word.
It spoke the thoughts of honest men,
  It whispered Destiny's intents
And rang a warning loudly then
  To Kings of all the continents.

The old bell in its holy loft
  Where pigeons nest, has ceased to swing
And yet through many a day and oft
  A weary people hear it sing.
That hour long years ago, when first
  America for freedom fought,
The bonds of slavery were burst:
  That hour began the reign of thought.

Here comes another summer day:
America is on the sea,
America has dared to say
That other people shall be free.
No selfish stain her banner mars,
Her flag, for truth and right, unfurled,
With every stripe and all its stars
Still speaks its message to the world

Out where the soldiers fight for men,
Out where, for others, heroes die,
Out where they storm the Tyrant's den,
The Starry Banner lights the sky.
And once again the cry goes out
That brings the flush of hope to cheeks
Grown pale by bitter war and doubt:
"America for Freedom speaks."

Spring in the Trenches

It's coming time for planting in that little patch
of ground,
Where the lad and I made merry as he followed
me around;
The sun is getting higher, and the skies above
are blue,
And I'm hungry for the garden, and I wish the
war were through.

But it's tramp, tramp, tramp,
And it's never look behind,
And when you see a stranger's kids,
Pretend that you are blind.

The spring is coming back again, the birds begin
to mate;
The skies are full of kindness, but the world is
full of hate.
And it's I that should be bending now in peace
above the soil,
With laughing eyes and little hands about to bless
the toil.

But it's fight, fight, fight,
And it's charge at double-quick;
A soldier thinking thoughts of home
Is one more soldier sick.

Last year I brought the bulbs to bloom and saw
the roses bud;
This year I'm ankle deep in mire, and most of
it is blood.
Last year the mother in the door was glad as
she could be;
To-day her heart is full of pain, and mine is
hurting me.

But it's shoot, shoot, shoot,
And when the bullets hiss,
Don't let the tears fill up your eyes,
For weeping soldiers miss.

Oh, who will tend the roses now and who will
sow the seeds?
And who will do the heavy work the little gar-
den needs?
And who will tell the lad of mine the things he
wants to know,
And take his hand and lead him round the paths
we used to go?

For it's charge, charge, charge,
And it's face the foe once more;
Forget the things you love the most
And keep your mind on war.

Bigger Than His Dad

He has heard his country calling, and has fallen
into line,
And he's doing something bigger than his
daddy ever did;
He has caught a greater vision than the finest one
of mine,
And I know today I'm prouder of than sorry
for the kid.

His speech is soft and vibrant with the messages
of truth,
And he says some things of duty that I can-
not understand;
It may be that I'm selfish, but this ending of his
youth
Is not the dream I cherished and it's not the
thing I planned.

I only know he's bigger in his uniform today
Than I, who stand and watch him as he drills,
have ever been;
That he sees a greater vision of life's purpose
far away,
And a finer goal to die for than my eyes have
ever seen.

I wish I felt as he does, wish I had his sense of
right;

With the vision he possesses I should be supremely glad;
But I sometimes start to choking when I think of him at night —
The boy that has grown bigger, yes, and better than his dad.

The Boy's Adventure

"Dear Father," he wrote me from Somewhere in France,
Where he's waiting with Pershing to lead the advance,
"There's little the censor permits me to tell
Save the fact that I'm here and am happy and well.
The French people cheered as we marched from our ship
At the close of a really remarkable trip;
They danced and they screamed and they shouted and ran,
And I blush as I write. I was kissed by a man!

"I've seen a great deal since I bade you good-bye,
I have witnessed a battle far up in the sky;

I have heard the dull roar of a long line of guns,
And seen the destruction that's worked by the Huns;
Some scenes I'll remember, and some I'll forget,
But the welcome he gave me! I'm feeling it yet.
Oh, try to imagine your boy if you can,
As he looked and he felt, being kissed by a man!

"'Ah, Meestaire!' he cried in a voice that was shrill,
And his queer little eyes with delight seemed to fill,
And before I was wise to the custom, or knew
Just what he was up to, about me he threw
His arms, and he hugged me, and then with a squeak,
He planted a chaste little kiss on each cheek.
He was stocky and strong and his whiskers were tan.
Now please keep it dark. I've been kissed by a man."

Out of It All

Out of it all shall come splendor and gladness;
Out of the madness and out of the sadness,
Clearer and finer the world shall arise.
Why then keep sorrow and doubt in your eyes?

Joy shall be ours when the warfare is over;
Children shall gleefully romp in the clover;
Here with our heroes at home and at rest,
We shall rejoice with the world at its best.

Not in vain, not in vain, is our bright banner flying;
Not for naught are the sons of our fond mothers dying;
The gloom and despair are not ever to last;
The world shall be better when they shall have passed.

So mourn not his absence, but smile and be brave;
You shall have him again from the brink of the grave
In a wonderful world 'neath a wonderful sun;
He shall come to your arms with his victory won.

Oh, we have shipped his Christmas box, with ribbons red 'tis tied,
And he shall find the things he likes from them he loves inside,
But he must miss the kisses true and all the laughter gay
And he must miss the smiles of home upon his Christmas Day.

He'll spend his Christmas 'neath the Flag; he'll miss each merry face,
Old Glory smiling down on him must take his mother's place,
Yet in the Christmas box we've sent, in fancy he will find
The laughter and the tears of joy that he has left behind.

His mother's tenderness is there, his father's kindly way,
And all that went last year to make his merry Christmas Day;
He'll see once more his sister's smile, he'll hear the baby shout,
And as he opens every gift we'll gather round about.

He cannot come to share with us the joys of Christmas Day;

The Flag has called to him, and he is serving
far away.
Undaunted, unafraid and fine he stands to duty
grim,
And so this Christmas we have tried to ship our-
selves to him.

A Plea

God grant me these: the strength to do
Some needed service here;
The wisdom to be brave and true;
The gift of vision clear,
That in each task that comes to me
Some purpose I may plainly see.

God teach me to believe that I
Am stationed at a post,
Although the humblest 'neath the sky,
Where I am needed most,
And that, at last, if I do well,
My humble services will tell.

God grant me faith to stand on guard,
Uncheered, unspoke, alone,
And see behind such duty hard
My service to the throne.
Whate'er my task, be this my creed:
I am on earth to fill a need.

Your Country Needs You

The country needs a man like you,
It has a task for you to do.
It has a job for you to face.
Somewhere for you it has a place.
Not all the slackers dodge the work
Of service where the cannon lurk,
Not all the slackers on life's stage
Are boys of military age.
The old, the youthful and unfit
Must also do their little bit.

The country needs a man like you,
'Twill suffer if you prove untrue.
What though you cannot bear a gun?
That isn't all that's to be done.
There are a thousand other ways
To serve your country through the days
Of trial and the nights of storm.
You need not wear a uniform
Or with the men in council sit
To serve the Flag and do your bit.

Somewhere for you there is a place,
Somewhere you have a task to face.
There's none so helpless or so frail
That cannot, when our foes assail,
In some way help our common cause
And be deserving of applause.

Behind the Flag we all must be,
Each at his post, awake to see
That in so far as he has striven,
His best was to his country given.

You can be patient, brave and strong,
And not complain when plans go wrong;
You can be cheerful at your toil,
Or till, perhaps, some patch of soil;
You can encourage others who
Have heavier, greater tasks to do;
You can be loyal, not in creed
Alone, but in each thought and deed;
You can make sacrifices, too.
The country needs a man like you.

A Creed

To keep in mind from day to day
That I'm a soldier in the fray;
That I must serve, from sun to sun,
As well as he who bears a gun
The flag that flies above us all,
And answer well my Country's call.

I must not for one hour forget
Unto the Stars and Stripes my debt.
'Twas spotless on my day of birth,
And when at last I quit this earth
Old Glory still must spotless be
For all who follow after me.

At some post where my work will fit
I must with courage do my bit;
Some portion of myself I'd give
That freedom and the Flag may live.
And in some way I want to feel
That I am doing service real.

I must in all I say and do
Respect the red, the white and blue;
Nor dim with petty deeds of shame
The splendor of Old Glory's fame;
I must not let my standards drag,
For my disgrace would stain the Flag.

The Struggle

Life is a struggle for peace,
A longing for rest,
A hope for the battles to cease,
A dream for the best;
And he is not living who stays
Contented with things,
Unconcerned with the work of the days
And all that it brings.

He is dead who sees nothing to change,
No wrong to make right;
Who travels no new way or strange
In search of the light;
Who never sets out for a goal
That he sees from afar
But contents his indifferent soul
With things as they are.

Life isn't rest — it is toil;
It is building a dream;
It is tilling a parcel of soil
Or bridging a stream;
It's pursuing the light of a star
That but dimly we see,
And in wresting from things as they are
The joy that should be.

His comrades have enlisted, but his mother bids
him stay,
His soul is sick with coward shame, his head
hangs low to-day,
His eyes no longer sparkle, and his breast is
void of pride
And I think that she has lost him though she's
kept him at her side.
Oh, I'm sorry for the mother, but I'm sorrier
for the lad
Who must look on life forever as a hopeless
dream and sad.

He must fancy men are sneering as they see
him walk the street,
He will feel his cheeks turn crimson as his eyes
another's meet;
And the boys and girls that knew him as he was
but yesterday,
Will not seem to smile upon him, in the old
familiar way.
He will never blame his mother, but when he's
alone at night,
His thoughts will flock to tell him that he isn't
doing right.

Oh, I'm sorry for the mother from whose side
a boy must go,

And the strong desire to keep him that she feels,
I think I know,
But the boy that she's so fond of has a life to
live on earth,
And he hungers to be busy with the work that is
of worth.
He will sicken and grow timid, he'll be flesh
without a heart
Until death at last shall claim him, if he doesn't
do his part.

Have you kept him, gentle mother? Has he lost
his old-time cheer?
Is he silent, sad and sullen? Are his eyes no
longer clear?
Is he growing weak and flabby who but yester-
day was strong?
Then a secret grief he's nursing and I'll tell you
what is wrong.
All his comrades have departed on their coun-
try's noblest work,
And he hungers to be with them—it is not his
wish to shirk.

Fly a Clean Flag

This I heard the Old Flag say
As I passed it yesterday:
"Months ago your friendly hands
Fastened me on slender strands
And with patriotic love
Placed me here to wave above
You and yours. I heard you say
On that long departed day:
'Flag of all that's true and fine,
Wave above this house of mine;
Be the first at break of day
And the last at night to say
To the world this word of cheer:
Loyalty abideth here.'

"Here on every wind that's blown,
O'er your portal I have flown;
Rain and snow have battered me,
Storms at night have tattered me;
Dust of street and chimney stack
Day by day have stained me black,
And I've watched you passing there,
Wondering how much you care.
Have you noticed that your flag,
Is to-day a wind-blown rag?
Has your love so careless grown
By the long neglect you've shown

That you never raise your eye
To the symbol that you fly?"

"Flag, on which no stain has been,
'Tis my sin that you're unclean,"
Then I answered in my shame.
"On my head must lie the blame.
Now with patriotic hands
I release you from your strands,
And a spotless flag shall fly
Here to greet each passer-by.
Nevermore shall Flag of mine
Be a sad and sorry sign
Telling all who look above
I neglect the thing I love.
But my Flag of faith shall be
Fit for every eye to see."

To a Kindly Critic

If it's wrong to believe in the land that we love,
And to pray for Our Flag to the good God above;
If it's wrong to believe that Our Country is best;
That honor's her standard, and truth is her crest;
If placing her first in our prayers and our song
Is false to true reason, we're glad to be wrong.

If it's wrong to wish victory day after day
For the troops of Our Country now marching away;
If it's wrong to believe they are moved by the right
And not by the love and the lure of the fight;
If to cheer them to battle and bid them be strong
Is false to right thinking, then let us be wrong.

If it's wrong to believe in America's dreams
Of a freedom on earth that's as real as it seems;
If it's error to cherish the hope, through and through,
That the Stars in Old Glory's immaculate blue
Shall shine through the ages, true beacons to men,
We pray that no right phrase shall flow from our pen.

We little thought how much they meant — the
bleeding hearts of France,
And British mothers wearing black to mark some
troop's advance.
The war was, O, so distant then, the grief so
far away,
We couldn't see the weeping eyes, nor hear the
women pray.
We couldn't sense the weight of woe that rested
on that land,
But now our boy is called to go — to-day, we
understand.

There, some have heard the blackest news that
o'er the wires has sped,
And some are living day by day beneath the
clouds of dread;
Some fear the worst; some know the worst, but
every heart is chilled,
And every soul is sorrow touched and laughter
there is stilled.
There, old folks sit alone and grieve and pray
for peace to come,
And now our little boy has heard the summons of
the drum.

Their grief was such a distant thing, we made
it fruit for speech.

We never thought in days of old such pain our
hearts would reach.
We talked of it, as people do of sorrow far aloof,
Nor dreamed such care would ever dwell beneath
our happy roof.
But England's woes are ours to-day, we share the
sighs of France;
Our little boy is on the sea with Death to take
his chance.

Next of Kin

I notice when the news comes in
Of one who's claimed eternal glory,
This simple phrase, "the next of kin,"
Concludes the soldier's final story.
This tells the world what voice will choke,
What heart that bit of shrapnel broke,
What father or what mother brave
Will think of Flanders as a grave.

"The next of kin," the cable cold
Wastes not a precious word in telling,
Yet cannot you and I behold
The sorrow in some humble dwelling,

And cannot you and I perceive
The brave yet lonely mother grieve
And picture, when that news comes in,
The anguish of "the next of kin?"

For every boy in uniform,
  Another soldier brave is fighting;
A double rank the cannons storm,
  Two lines the cables are uniting,
And with the hurt each soldier feels,
At home the other warrior reels;
Two suffer, freedom's cause to win:
The soldier and "the next of kin."

Oh, next of kin, be brave, be strong,
  As brave as was the boy that's missing;
The years will many be and long
  That you will hunger for his kissing.
Yet he enlisted you with him
To share war's bitter price and grim;
Your service runs through many years
Because your name with his appears.

See It Through

There are many to cheer when the battle begins,
  There are many to shout for the right;
There are many to rail at the world and its sins,
  But few have the grit for the fight.
There are thousands to start with a rush for the
    fray
  When the fighting seems easy to do,
But when danger is present and rough is the
    way,
  The few have to see the job through.

It is easy to quit with a battle unwon,
  It is hard to press on to success;
It is easy to stop with a purpose undone,
  It is hard to encounter distress.
And many will march when the roadway is clear
  And the glorious goal is in view,
But the many, too often, when dangers appear,
  Aren't willing to see the fight through.

They weaken in spirit when trials grow great,
  They flinch at the clashing of steel;
They talk of the strength of the foe at the gate
  And whine at the hurts that they feel.
They begin to regret having ventured for right,
  They sigh that they dared to be true,

They haven't the heart they once had for the fight,
They don't want to see the job through.

We have set out to battle for justice and truth,
We have fearful disasters to meet;
We shall weep for the best of our manliest youth,
We shall suffer the pangs of defeat.
But let us stand firm for the cause that we plead,
Let the many be brave with the few;
The cry of the quitter let none of us heed
Till we've done what we started to do.

Don't Overdo It

We've come from the mud and the dirt and the slime of it,
Out of the blood and the hurt and the crime of it,
Some of us limping on crutches, and some
Minus an eye or an arm or a thumb,
More or less shattered by shrapnel and battered —
Still for all that we don't want to be flattered.

We've known the click of the steel and the brunt of it —
Heard and grown sick of the squeal at the front of it —
Wallowed in blood that our comrades had shed,
Carried the wounded and buried the dead;

Bullets have splattered around us and clattered —
Still for all that we don't want to be flattered.

While with a song or a cheer we all went over,
Many as strong waited here to be sent over;
They would have shared each triumphant advance —
Suffered and died, too; they yearned for the chance.
Fate sent us to it, but now that we're through it
Cheer us a little, but don't overdo it.

Oh, some shall stand in glory's light when all
the strife is done,
And many a mother there shall say, "For truth
I gave my son!"
But I shall stand in silence then and hear the
stories brave,
For I must answer at the last that gold is all
I gave.

When all this age shall pass away, and silenced
are the guns,
When sweethearts join their loves again, and
mothers kiss their sons,
When brave unto the brave return, and all they
did is told,
How pitiful my gift shall seem, when all I gave
is gold.

When we are asked what did you then, when
all the world was red,
And some shall say, "I fell in France," and
some, "I mourned my dead;"
With all the brave assembled there in glory long
to live,
How trivial our lives shall seem who had but
gold to give.

The Undaunted

He tried to travel No Man's Land, that's guarded
well with guns,
He tried to race the road of death, where never
a coward runs.
Now he's asking of his doctor, and he's panting
hard for breath,
How soon he will be ready for another bout with
death.

You'd think if you had wakened in a shell hole's
slime and mud
That was partly dirty water, but was mostly
human blood,
And you had to lie and suffer till the bullets
ceased to hum
And the night time dropped its cover, so the
stretcher boys could come —

You'd think if you had suffered from a fever
and its thirst,
And could hear the "rapids" spitting and the
high explosives burst,
And had lived to tell that story — you could face
your fellow men
In the little peaceful village, though you never
fought again.

You'd think that once you'd fallen in the shrapnel's deadly rain,
Once you'd shed your blood for honor, you had borne your share of pain;
Once you'd traveled No Man's country, you'd be satisfied to quit
And be invalided homeward, and could say you'd done your bit.

But he's lying, patched and bandaged, very white and very weak,
And he's trying to be cheerful, though it's agony to speak;
He is pleading with the doctor, though he's panting hard for breath,
To return him to the trenches for another bout with death.

The Discovery of a Soul

The proof of a man is the danger test,
That shows him up at his worst or best.

He didn't seem to care for work, he wasn't much
at school.
His speech was slow and commonplace — you
wouldn't call him fool.
And yet until the war broke out you'd calmly
pass him by,
For nothing in his makeup or his way would
catch your eye.
He seemed indifferent to the world, the kind that
doesn't care —
That's satisfied with just enough to eat and drink
and wear;
That doesn't laugh when others do or cry when
others weep,
But seems to walk the wakeful world half dor-
mant and asleep;
Then came the war, and soldiers marched and
drums began to roll,
And suddenly we realized his body held a soul.

We little dreamed how much he loved his Coun-
try and her Flag;
About the glorious Stars and Stripes we'd never
heard him brag.

But he was first to volunteer, while brilliant men demurred,
He took the oath of loyalty without a faltering word,
And then we found that he could talk, for one remembered night,
There came a preaching pacifist denouncing men who fight,
And he got up in uniform and looked at him and said:
"I wonder if you ever think about our soldiers dead.
All that you are to-day you owe some soldier in his grave;
If he had been afraid to fight, you still would be a slave."

If he had died a year ago beneath a peaceful sky,
Unjust our memory would have been; of him our tongues would lie.
We should have missed his splendid worth, we should have called him frail
And listed him among the weak and sorry men who fail.
But few regrets had marked his end; he would have passed unmourned —
Perhaps by those who knew him best, indifferently scorned.

But now he stands among us all, eyes bright and
shoulders true,
A strong defender of the faith; a man with
work to do;
And if he dies, his name shall find its place on
history's scroll;
The great chance has revealed to men the splen-
dor of his soul.

Here We Are!

Here we are, Britain! the finest and best of us
Taking our coats off and rolling our sleeves,
Answering the thoughtless that once made a jest
of us,
Each man a soldier for what he believes.
Here we are, tight little island, in unity!
Tell us the job that you want us to do!
You can depend on us all with impunity.
Give us a task and we'll all see it through.

Here we are, France! every Yankee born man
of us
Coming to stand by your side in the fight;
Liberty's cause makes a whole-hearted clan of us.
Here we are, willing to die for the right.
Silently, long from our shores we've admired you,
Secretly proud of the pluck you've displayed.

Brothers we are of the love that inspired you;
Now we are coming, full front, to your aid.

Here we are, Allies! make room in your trenches!
Shoulder to shoulder we'll share in each drive.
Here we are! quitting our lathes and our benches,
Bringing our best that our best shall survive.
Here we are! Liberty's children, red-blooded,
Coming to share in the struggle with you,
Ready to die for the Flag that's star-studded;
Tell us the work that you want us to do.

What is it, fighting or building you're needing?
Boring a mountain or bridging a stream,
Steel work and real work? Your call we are heeding.
Each of us here is a man with a dream.
Here we are! tacklers of tough jobs and dangers,
Any old post where you put us we'll fit;
Coming to serve you as brothers, not strangers;
Here we are, Allies! to offer our bit!

When you were just our little boy, on many a night we crept
Unto your cot and watched o'er you, and all the time you slept.
We tucked the covers round your form and smoothed your pillow, too,
And sometimes stooped and kissed your cheeks, but that you never knew.
Just as we came to you back then through many a night and day,
Our spirits now shall come to you — to kiss and watch and pray.

Whenever you shall look away into God's patch of sky
To think about the folks at home, we shall be standing by.
And as we prayed and watched o'er you when you were wrapped in sleep,
So through your soldier danger now the old-time watch we'll keep.
You will not know that we are there, you will not see or hear,
But all the time in prayer and thought we shall be very near.

The world has made of you a man; the work of man you do,

But unto us you still remain the baby that we
knew;
And we shall come, as once we did, on wondrous
wings of prayer,
And you will never know how oft in spirit we
are there.
We'll stand beside your bed at night, in silence
bending low,
And all the love we gave you then shall follow
where you go.

Oh, we were proud of you back then, but we
are prouder now;
We see the stamp of splendor God has placed
upon your brow,
And we who are the folks at home shall pray
the old time prayer,
And ask the God of Mercy to protect you with
His care.
And as we came to you of old, although you
never knew,
The hearts of us, each day and night, shall come
with love to you.

Do Your All

"Do your bit!" How cheap and trite
Seems that phrase in such a fight!
"Do your bit!" That cry recall,
Change it now to "Do your all!"
Do your all, and then do more;
Do what you're best fitted for;
Do your utmost, do and give,
You have but one life to live.

Do your finest, do your best,
Don't let up and stop to rest,
Don't sit back and idly say:
"I did something yesterday."
Come on! Here's another hour,
Give it all you have of power.
Here's another day that needs
Everybody's share of deeds.

"Do your bit!" of course, but then
Do it time and time again;
Giving, doing, all should be
Up to full capacity.
Now's no time to pick and choose,
We've a war we must not lose.
Be your duty great or small,
Do it well and do it all.

Do by careful, patient living,
Do by cheerful, open giving;
Do by serving day by day
At whatever post you may;
Do by sacrificing pleasure,
Do by scorning hours of leisure.
Now to God and country give
Every minute that you live.

The Future

"The worst is yet to come:"
So wail the doubters glum,
But here's the better view:
"My best I've yet to do."

The worst some always fear;
To-morrow holds no cheer,
Yet farther on life's lane
Are joys you shall attain.

Go forward bravely, then,
And play your part as men,
For this is ever true:
"Our best we've yet to do."

A Father's Prayer

I sometimes wonder when I read the sorrow in
his face
If I shall wear that look of care when time has
marched apace?
My little boy is five years old and his is twenty-
one;
My little boy is home with me; his boy to war
has gone.

And I can laugh and dance with life, and I can
gayly jest,
But heavy is the heart today that beats within his
breast.
Time was, his boy was five years old; time was
he smiled as I;
I wonder what awaits for me when youth has
journeyed by?

Last night I sat at home and watched my little
boy at play,
And all the time I thought of him whose boy
has gone away.
And in the joy that I possessed I prayed in
silence then
That God would quickly bring him back his little
boy again.

The Glory of Age

"What is the glory of age?" I said,
"A hoard of gold and a few dear friends?
When you've reached the day that you look ahead
And see the place where your journey ends,
When Time has robbed you of youthful might —
What is the secret of your delight?"

And an old man smiled as he answered me:
"The glory of age isn't gold or friends,
When we've reached the valley of Soon-To-Be
And note the place where our journey ends;
The glory of age, be it understood,
Is a boy out there who is making good.

"The greatest joy that can come to man
When his sight is dim and his hair is gray;
The greatest glory that God can plan
To cheer the lives of the old to-day,
When they share no more in the battle yell,
Is a boy out there who is doing well."

To us the Flag has little meant.
  Each glorious stripe of red
Was woven there to represent
  The blood of heroes dead.
On some dim, distant battle line
  By other men were gained
The glories that have made it fine,
  And idle we've remained.
But now the Flag shall finer grow
  And ages yet to be
Shall find the courage that we show
  To-day for liberty.

Of other men the Flag has told;
  It flies for others' deeds;
Its pride is born of heroes bold
  Who served its bygone needs.
But now our blood shall mingle there
  With blood of patriots dead,
And through the years each stripe shall wear
  A deeper, truer red.
The splendor of the flag shall gleam
  In every radiant star,
And finer shall the banner seem
  Because of what we are.

To-day new glory for the Flag
We give our best to build;
Of us shall future ages brag,
By us their blood be thrilled;
And as to us the flag has meant
The greatness of the past,
The Stars and Stripes shall represent
Our courage to the last.
The children in the years to be
Our trials shall discuss,
And cheer the emblem of the free,
In part, because of us.

The Soldier Homeward Bound

Home to the folks with tender eyes,
Home to the old, familiar skies
And the mother smile and the gentle hand,
Home once more to my native land —
What sweeter song can a soldier sing
After the battle's thundering?

Home once more with the warfare done,
And the faith well kept and the victory won,
Home to rest at the mother's knee,
Home to the sister who trusted me,
Home to the walls that with music ring —
What sweeter song can a soldier sing?

Home to them that I love the best,
Home to the nights that are sweet with rest,
Home to the friends that are staunch and true,
Home to the red and the white and blue,
Home, where honor is crowned the king —
What sweeter song can the soldier sing?

The lanes were strange that I trod by day,
And sad were the faces along the way;
I longed for the country of friendly men,
And now I am nearing its shores again.
Let bugle and trumpet gayly sound
The joy of a soldier homeward bound!

We have wandered afar in our hunting for pleasure,
We have scorned the soul's duty to gather up treasure;
We have lived for our laughter and toiled for our winning
And paid little heed to the soul's simple sinning.
But light were the burdens that freighted us then,
God and country, to-day let us prove we are men!

We have idled and dreamed in life's merriest places,
The years have writ little of care in our faces;
We have brought up our children, expectant of gladness,
And little we've taught them of life and its sadness.
For distant and dim seemed the forces of wrong,
God and country, to-day let us prove we are strong!

We have had our glad years, now the sad years are coming,
We have danced to gay tunes, now we march to war's drumming.
We have laughed and have loved as we pleasantly toiled,

And now we must show that our souls are unspoiled.
We must work that our Flag shall in honor still wave,
God and country, to-day let us prove we are brave!

United

Forgotten petty difference now,
The larger purpose glows,
The storm is here, a common fear
Its deadly lightning shows.
The Ship of State must bear us all
And danger makes us kin,
As one, we all shall rise or fall,
So shall we strive to win.

Our banner's flying at the mast,
Our course lies straight ahead;
The ocean's trough is deep and rough,
The waves are stained with red.
The bond of danger tighter grows,
We serve a common plan;
Send o'er the sea the word that we
Are all American.

One hundred million sturdy souls
  Once more united stand,
As one, you will find them all behind
  The banner of our land.
And side by side they work to-day
  In silken garb or rag,
And once again our troops of men
  Are brothers of the flag.

And from the storm that hovers low,
  And from the angry sea
Where dangers lurk and hate's at work
  Shall come new victory.
The flag shall know not race nor creed,
  Nor different bands of men;
A people strong round it shall throng
  To ne'er divide again.

April Thoughts

Listen to the laughter of the brook that's racin' by!
Listen to the chatter of the black-birds on the fence!
Stand an' see the beauties of the blue that's in the sky —
Then ask of God why mortals haven't any better sense
Than to quarrel an' to battle
Where the guns an' cannon rattle
An' to slaughter one another an' to fill the world with hate.
God brings the buds to blossom
Where the gentle breezes toss 'em
An' the soul is blind to beauty that takes anger for its mate.

Listen to the singin' of the robins in the trees!
See the sunbeams flashin' where they're mirrored by the stream!
Hear the drowsy buzzin' of the honey-seekin' bees,
Then draw a little closer to your God the while you dream.
When the world is dressed to cheer you
Don't you feel Him standin' near you?
When your soul drinks in the beauty of the wonders in His plan,

An' you've put away your passions,
Don't you think the works He fashions
In their beauty an' their bigness mock the littleness of man?

Oh, I never walk an orchard nor a field with daisies strewn,
An' I never stand bare-headed gazin' everywhere about
At the living joys around me, be it morning, night or noon,
But I ask God to forgive me that I ever held a doubt.
Surely men must walk in blindness,
With the whole world tuned to kindness,
An' all dumb an' feathered creatures fairly bubblin' o'er with glee
To devote themselves to madness
That can only end in sadness
An' to think that they are being what God put them here to be.

The Chaplain

He was just a small church parson when the war broke out, and he
Looked and dressed and acted like all parsons that we see.
He wore the cleric's broadcloth and he hooked his vest behind,
But he had a man's religion and he had a strong man's mind,
And he heard the call to duty, and he quit his church and went,
And he bravely tramped right with 'em everywhere the boys were sent.

He put aside his broadcloth and he put the khaki on;
Said he'd come to be a soldier and was going to live like one.
Then he refereed the prize fights that the boys pulled off at night,
And if no one else was handy he'd put on the gloves and fight.
He wasn't there a fortnight ere he saw the soldiers' needs,
And he said: "I'm done with preaching; this is now the time for deeds."

He learned the sound of shrapnel, he could tell the size of shell

From the shriek it make above him, and he knew
just where it fell.
In the front line trench he labored, and he knew
the feel of mud,
And he didn't run from danger and he wasn't
scared of blood.
He wrote letters for the wounded, and he cheered
them with his jokes,
And he never made a visit without passing round
the smokes.

Then one day a bullet got him, as he knelt be-
side a lad
Who was "going west" right speedy, and they
both seemed mighty glad,
'Cause he held the boy's hand tighter, and he
smiled and whispered low,
"Now you needn't fear the journey; over there
with you I'll go."
And they both passed out together, arm in arm
I think they went.
He had kept his vow to follow everywhere the
boys were sent.

My Part

I may never be a hero, I am past the limit now,
There are pencil marks of silver Time has left upon my brow;
I shall win no service medals, I shall hear no cannons' roar,
I shall never fight a battle higher up than eagles soar,
But I hope my children's children may recall my name with pride
As a man who never whimpered when his soul was being tried.

For the fighting and the dying for the everlasting truth
Are the labors designated for the strongest of our youth,
And the man that's nearing forty isn't asked to march away,
For there is no place in battle for the head that's turning gray.
His test is one of patience till the bitter work is done,
He must back his country's leaders till the victory is won.

When this bitter time is ended I don't want to have it said

That I faltered in my courage and I never looked
ahead,
I don't want it told I added to the burdens and
the woe,
By preaching dismal doctrines that were cheering
to the foe;
I want my children's children to respect me and
to find
That my soul was out there fighting, though my
body stayed behind.

When this cruel test is over and the boys come
back from France
I'd not have them say I hindered for a moment
their advance;
That they found their duty harder than 'twas
needful it should be
Because of the complaining of a lot of men like
me.
Though I'll win no hero's medals and deserve no
wild applause,
I want to be of service, not a hindrance to the
cause.

The Call

Some will heed the call to arms,
But all must heed the call to grit;
The dreamers on the distant farms
Must rally now to do their bit.
The whirring lathes in factories great
Will sing the martial songs of strife;
Upon the emery wheel of fate
We're grinding now the nation's life.

The call is not alone to guns,
This is not but a battle test;
The world has summoned free men's sons
In every field to do their best.
The call has come to every man
To reach the summit of his powers;
To stand to service where he can;
A mighty duty now is ours.

We must be stalwarts in the field
Where peace has always kept her throne,
No door against the need is sealed,
No man today can live alone.
The young apprentice at the bench,
The wise inventor, old and gray,
Serve with the soldier in the trench,
All warriors for the better day.

Oh, man of science, unto you
The call for service now has come!
Mechanic, banker, lawyer, too,
Have you not heard the stirring drum?
Oh, humble digger in the ditch,
Bend to your spade and do your best,
And prove America is rich
In manhood fine for every test.

Each man beneath the starry flag
Must live his noblest through the strife,
If tyranny is not to drag
Into the mire the best of life.
Though some will wear our uniform,
We face to-day a common fate
And all must bravely breast the storm
And heed the call for courage great.

For strength to face the battle's might,
For men that dare to die for right,
  For hearts above the lure of gold
    And fortune's soft and pleasant way,
  For courage of our days of old,
    Great God of All, we kneel and pray.

We thank Thee for our splendid youth.
Who fight for liberty and truth,
  Within whose breasts there glows anew
    The glory of the altar fires
  Which our heroic fathers knew —
    God make them worthy of their sires!

We thank Thee for our mothers fair
Who through the sorrows they must bear
  Still smile, and give their hearts to woe,
    Yet bravely heed the day's command —
  That mothers, yet to be, may know
    A free and glorious motherland.

Oh, God, we thank Thee for the skies
Where our flag now in glory flies!
  We thank Thee that no love of gain
    Is leading us, but that we fight
  To keep our banner free from stain
    And that we die for what is right.

Oh, God, we thank Thee that we may
Lift up our eyes to Thee to-day;
We thank Thee we can face this test
With honor and a spotless name,
And that we serve a world distressed
Unselfishly and free from shame.

A Patriotic Wish

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag could boast about;
I'd like to be the sort of man it cannot live without;
I'd like to be the type of man
That really is American:
The head-erect and shoulders-square,
Clean-minded fellow, just and fair,
That all men picture when they see
The glorious banner of the free.

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag now typifies,
The kind of man we really want the flag to symbolize;
The loyal brother to a trust,
The big, unselfish soul and just,
The friend of every man oppressed,
The strong support of all that's best —

The sturdy chap the banner's meant,
Where'er it flies, to represent.

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag's supposed to mean,
The man that all in fancy see, wherever it is seen;
The chap that's ready for a fight
Whenever there's a wrong to right,
The friend in every time of need,
The doer of the daring deed,
The clean and generous handed man
That is a real American.

A Patriot

It's funny when a feller wants to do his little bit,
And wants to wear a uniform and lug a soldier's kit,
And ain't afraid of submarines nor mines that fill the sea,
They will not let him go along to fight for liberty.
They make him stay at home and be his mother's darling pet,
But you can bet there'll come a time when they will want me yet.

I want to serve the Stars and Stripes, I want to
go and fight,
I want to lick the Kaiser good, and do the job
up right.
I know the way to use a gun and I can dig a
trench
And I would like to go and help the English and
the French.
But no, they say, you cannot march away to
stirring drums;
Be mother's angel boy at home; stay there and
twirl your thumbs.

I've read about the daring boys that fight up in
the sky;
It seems to me that that must be a splendid way
to die.
I'd like to drive an aeroplane and prove my cour-
age grim
And get above a German there and drop a bomb
on him,
But they won't let me go along to help the latest
drive;
They say my mother needs me here because I'm
only five.

Memorial Day

The finest tribute we can pay
Unto our hero dead to-day,
Is not a rose wreath, white and red,
In memory of the blood they shed;
It is to stand beside each mound,
Each couch of consecrated ground,
And pledge ourselves as warriors true
Unto the work they died to do.

Into God's valleys where they lie
At rest, beneath the open sky,
Triumphant now, o'er every foe,
As living tributes let us go.
No wreath of rose or immortelles
Or spoken word or tolling bells
Will do to-day, unless we give
Our pledge that liberty shall live.

Our hearts must be the roses red
We place above our hero dead;
To-day beside their graves we must
Renew allegiance to their trust;
Must bare our heads and humbly say
We hold the Flag as dear as they,
And stand, as once they stood, to die
To keep the Stars and Stripes on high.

The finest tribute we can pay
Unto our hero dead to-day
Is not of speech or roses red,
But living, throbbing hearts instead
That shall renew the pledge they sealed
With death upon the battlefield:
That freedom's flag shall bear no stain
And free men wear no tyrant's chain.

The Soldier on Crutches

He came down the stairs on the laughter-filled grill
Where patriots were eating and drinking their fill,
The tap of his crutch on the marble of white
Caught my ear as I sat all alone there that night.
I turned — and a soldier my eyes fell upon,
He had fought for his country, and one leg was gone!

As he entered a silence fell over the place;
Every eye in the room was turned up to his face.
His head was up high and his eyes seemed aflame
With a wonderful light, and he laughed as he came.
He was young — not yet thirty — yet never he made
One sign of regret for the price he had paid.

One moment before this young soldier came in
I had caught bits of speech in the clatter and din
From the fine men about me in life's dress parade
Who were boasting the cash sacrifices they'd
made;
And I'd thought of my own paltry service with
pride,
When I turned and that hero of battle I spied.

I shall never forget the hot flushes of shame
That rushed to my cheeks as that young fellow
came.
He was cheerful and smiling and clear-eyed and
fine
And out of his face golden light seemed to shine
And I thought as he passed me on crutches
"How small
Are the gifts that I make if I don't give my all."

Some day in the future in many a place
More soldiers just like him we'll all have to face
We must sit with them, talk with them, laugh
with them, too,
With the signs of their service forever in view
And this was my thought as I looked at him
then—
Oh, God! make me worthy to stand with such
men.

The Friendly Greeting

Oh, we have friends in England, and we have
friends in France,
And should we have to travel there through some
strange circumstance,
Undaunted we should sail away, and gladly
should we go,
Because awaiting us would be somebody that we
know.

Full many a journey here we make where count-
less strangers roam,
Yet everywhere our faces turn we find a friend
from home.
Oh, we have friends in distant towns, and friends
'neath foreign skies,
And yet we think of him as lost whene'er a loved
one dies.

Yet he has merely traveled on, as many a friend
must do;
Within a distant city fair he waits for me and
you,
And when shall come our time to make that jour-
ney through the gloam,
To welcome us he will be there, the smiling friend
from home.

We Need a Few More Optimists

We need a few more optimists,
The kind that double up their fists
And set their jaws, determined-like,
A blow at infamy to strike.
Not smiling men, who drift along
And compromise with every wrong;
Not grinning optimists who cry
That right was never born to die,
But optimists who'll fight to give
The truth an honest chance to live.

We need a few more optimists
For places in our fighting lists,
The kind of hopeful men who make
Real sacrifice for freedom's sake;
The optimist, with purpose strong,
Who stands to battle every wrong,
Takes off his coat, and buckles in
The better joys of earth to win!
The optimist who worries lest
The vile should overthrow the best.

We need a few more optimists,
The brave of heart that long resists
The force of Hate and Greed and lust
And keeps in God and man his trust,

Believing, as he makes his fight
That everything will end all right —
Yet through the dreary days and nights
Unfalteringly serves and fights,
And helps to gain the joys which he
Believes are some day sure to be.

We need a few more optimists
Of iron hearts and sturdy wrists;
Not optimists who smugly smile
And preach that in a little while
The clouds will fade before the sun,
But cheerful men who'll bear a gun,
And hopeful men, of courage stout,
Who'll see disaster round about
And yet will keep their faith, and fight,
And gain the victory for right.

Taking His Place

He's doing double duty now;
Time's silver gleams upon his brow,
And there are lines upon his face
Which only passing years can trace.
And yet he's turned back many a page
Long written in the book of age,
For since their boy has marched away,
This kindly father, growing gray,
Is doing for the mother true
The many things the boy would do.

Just as the son came home each night
With youthful step and eyes alight,
So he returns, and with a shout
Of greeting puts her grief to rout.
He says that she shall never miss
The pleasure of that evening kiss,
And with strong arms and manner brave
He simulates the hug *he* gave,
And loves her, when the day is done,
Both as a husband and a son.

His laugh has caught a clearer ring;
His step has claimed the old-time swing,
And though *his* absence hurts him, too,
The bravest thing that he can do

Is just to try to take *his* place
And keep the smiles on mother's face.
So, merrily he jests at night —
Tells her with all a boy's delight
Of what has happened in the town,
And thus keeps melancholy down.

Her letters breathe of hope and cheer;
No note of gloom she sends from here,
And as her husband reads at night
The many messages she writes,
He chuckles o'er the closing line.
She's failed his secret to divine —
"When you get home," she tells the lad,
"You'll scarcely know your doting dad;
Although his hair is turning gray,
He seems more like a boy each day."

They give their all, this Christmastide, that peace
on earth shall reign;
Upon the snows of Flanders now, brave blood
has left its stain;
With ribbons red we deck our gifts; theirs bear
the red of pain.

They give their lives that joy shall live and little
children play;
They pass that all that makes for peace shall not
be swept away;
They die that children yet unborn shall have their
Christmas Day.

Come! deck the home with holly wreaths and
make this Christmas glow,
And let Old Glory wave above the bough of
mistletoe!
Come! keep alive the faith of them who sleep
'neath Flanders snow.

Ye brave of heart who dwell at home, make
merry now a-while;
The world has need of Christmas cheer its sor-
rows to beguile;
And blest is he whose love can light grief's cor-
ners with a smile.

Ring out once more, sweet Christmas bells, your
message to the sky,
Proclaim in golden tones again to every passer-
by
That peace shall rule the lands of earth, and only
war shall die.

Let love's sweet tenderness relieve war's cruel
crimson clutch,
Send forth the Christmas spirit, every troubled
heart to touch;
Blest will be all we do for them who do for us
so much.

The New Year

Come you with dangers to fright us? or hazards
to try out our souls?
Then may you find us undaunted; determined to
get to our goals.
Now, white are the pages you bring us to fill
with the tales of our deeds,
And I pray we shall square at the finish the work
of our lives with our creeds.

Oh, child of a year, do you wonder what here
upon earth you shall find?
America shows you a people united in purpose
and mind;
Whatever you bring us of danger, whatever you
hold to affright,
I pray that we never shall lower our standards
of truth and of right.

You find us a people united, full pledged to the
work of the world,
To banish the despot and tyrant, our banner in
battle's unfurled;
And here to a world that is bleeding and weary
and heartsick you come,
Whatever you've brought us of duty — we'll
answer the call of your drum.

We may weep in our grief and our sorrows, we
may bend 'neath the might of the blow,
But never our courage shall falter, and never
we'll run from the foe.
We know not how troubled our pathways shall
be nor how sorely beset,
But I pray we shall cling to our honor as men
and never our purpose forget.

Our Duty to Our Flag

Less hate and greed
Is what we need
And more of service true;
More men to love
The flag above
And keep it first in view.

Less boast and brag
About the flag,
More faith in what it means;
More heads erect,
More self-respect,
Less talk of war machines.

The time to fight
To keep it bright
Is not along the way,

Nor 'cross the foam,
But here at home
Within ourselves — today.

'Tis we must love
That flag above
With all our might and main;
For from our hands —
Not distant lands —
Shall come dishonor's stain.

If that flag be
Dishonored, we
Have done it — not the foe;
If it shall fall,
We, first of all,
Shall have to strike the blow.

The Unsettled Scores

The men are talking peace at 'ome, but 'ere we're talking fight,
There's many a little debt we've got to square;
A sniper sent a bullet through my bunkie's 'ead last night,
And 'is body's lying somewhere h'over there.

Oh, we 'ear a lot of rumors that the war is
h'almost through
But Hi'm thinking that it's only arf begun;
Every soldier in the trenches has a little debt
that's due
And Hi'm telling you it's not a money one.

We 'ave 'eard the bullets whistle and we've 'eard
the shrapnel sing
And we've listened to a dying comrade's pleas,
And we've 'eard about the comfort that the days
of peace will bring,
But we've debts that can't be settled h'over
seas.

They that 'aven't slept in trenches, 'aven't
brothered with the worms,
'Aven't 'ad a bunkie slaughtered at their side,
May some day get together and arrange some
sort of terms,
But it isn't likely we'll be satisfied.

There are debts we want to settle, 'and to 'and,
and face to face,
There are one or two Hi've promised that
Hi'd square;
And Hi cannot 'old my 'ead up, 'ere or in the
other place,
Till Hi've settled for my bunkie, lying there.

Warriors

We all are warriors with sin. Crusading knights,
we come to earth
With spotless plumes and shining shields to joust
with foes and prove our worth.
The world is but a battlefield where strong and
weak men fill the lists,
And some make war with humble prayers, and
some with swords and some with fists.
And some for pleasure or for peace forsake their
purposes and goals
And barter for the scarlet joys of ease and pomp,
their knightly souls.

We're all enlisted soldiers here, in service for
the term called life
And each of us in some grim way must bear his
portion of the strife.
Temptations everywhere assail. Men do not rise
by fearing sin,
Nor he who keeps within his tent, unharmed,
unscratched, the crown shall win.
When wrongs are trampling mortals down and
rank injustice stalks about,
Real manhood to the battle flies, and dies or puts
the foes to rout.

'Tis not the new and shining blade that marks
the soldier of the field,

His glory is his broken sword, his pride the scars upon his shield;
The crimson stains that sin has left upon his soul are tongues that speak
The victory of new found strength by one who yesterday was weak.
And meaningless the spotless plume, the shining blade that goes through life
And quits this flaming battlefield without one evidence of strife.

We all are warriors with sin, we all are knights in life's crusades,
And with some form of tyranny, we're sent to earth to measure blades.
The courage of the soul must gleam in conflict with some fearful foe,
No man was ever born to life its luxuries alone to know.
And he who brothers with a sin to keep his outward garb unsoiled
And fears to battle with a wrong, shall find his soul decayed and spoiled.

Easy Service

When an empty sleeve or a sightless eye
  Or a legless form I see,
I breathe my thanks to my God on High
  For His watchful care o'er me.
And I say to myself, as the cripple goes
  Half stumbling on his way:
I may brag and boast, but that brother knows
  Why the old flag floats to-day.

I think as I sit in my cozy den
  Puffing one of my many pipes
That I've served with all of my fellow men
  The glorious Stars and Stripes.
Then I see a troop in the faded blue
  And a few in the dusty gray,
And I have to laugh at the deeds I do
  For the flag that floats to-day.

I see men tangled in pointed wire,
  The sport of the blazing sun,
Mangled and maimed by a leaden fire
  As the tides of battle run,
And I fancy I hear their piteous calls
  For merciful death, and then
The cannons cease and the darkness falls,
  And those fluttering things are men.

Out there in the night they beg for death,
Yet the Reaper spurns their cries,
And it seems his jest to leave them breath
For their pitiful pleas and sighs.
And I am here in my cozy room
In touch with the joys of life,
I am miles away from the fields of doom
And the gory scenes of strife.

I never have vainly called for aid,
Nor suffered real pangs of thirst,
I have marched with life in its best parade
And never have seen its worst.
In the flowers of ease I have ever basked,
And I think as the Flag I see
How much of service from some it's asked,
How little of toil from me.

A Father's Thoughts

Because I am his father, they
Expect me to put grief away;
Because I am a man, and rough
And sometimes short of speech and gruff,
The women folks at home believe
His absence doesn't make me grieve;
But how I felt, they little know,
The day I smiled and let him go.

They little know the dreams I had
Long cherished for my sturdy lad;
They little guess the wrench it meant
That day when off to war he went;
They little know the tears I checked
While standing, smiling and erect;
They never heard my smothered sigh
When it was time to say good-bye.

"What does his father think and say?"
The neighbors ask from day to day.
"Oh, he's a man," they answer then.
"And you know how it is with men.
But little do they ever say,
They do not feel the self-same way;
He seems indifferent and grim
And yet he's very proud of him."

Indifferent and grim! Oh, heart,
Be brave enough to play the part,
Let not the grief in you be shown,
Keep all your loneliness unknown,
To you the women folks must turn
For comfort when their sorrows burn.
You must not at this time reveal
The pain and anguish that you feel.

Oh, tongue, be silent through the years,
And eyes, keep back always the tears,
And let them never see or know
My hidden weight of grief and woe.
Though every golden dream I had
Was centered in my little lad,
Alone my sorrow I must bear.
They must not know how much I care.

Though women folks may talk and weep,
A man, unseen, his grief must keep,
And hide behind his smile and pride
The loneliness that dwells inside.
And so, from day to day, I go,
Playing the part of man, although
Beneath the rough outside and grim,
I think and dream and pray for him.

The Waiter at the Camp

The officers' friend is the waiter at camp.
In the night air 'twas cold and was bitterly
damp,
And they asked me to dine, which I readily did,
For at dining I've talents I never keep hid.
Then a bright-eyed young fellow came in with
the meat,
And straightway the troop of us started to eat.

I silently noticed that young fellow wait
At each officer's side 'til he'd filled up his plate;
I was startled a bit at the very first look
By the size of the helping each officer took,
And I thought as I sat there among them that
night
Of the army's effect on a man's appetite.

The waiter at last brought the platter to me
And modestly proper I started to be.
A small piece of meat then I gracefully took;
The young fellow stood there and gave me a look.
"Better get all you want," he remarked to me
then,
"I pass this way once, but I don't come again."

I turned in amazement. He nodded his head
In a way that convinced me he meant what he
said.

I knew from his manner and smile on his lip
That the rule in the army is "no second trip."
And I thought as he left me my food to attack,
Life gives us one chance, but it never comes back.

Comrades All

They'll bring us back the tender things they
found on English lanes;
They'll weave into the songs they sing some
sweet, old English strains.
Though England once seemed far away, and
strange was Scotland's heather,
We're one in hope and purpose now; our boys
have marched together.

They'll catch a little of the mirth that lights the
eyes of France;
They'll learn from them the love of life, the
splendor of romance.
They've crossed the sea to live with them through
every sort of weather,
And France and we shall comrades be! Our
boys have marched together.

Now England shall not be the same, nor France
the France of old;

Our children shall have left with them more
precious gifts than gold.
They'll know us as we really are, when war lets
go its tether.
The parent lands shall find their boys have
brought them all together.

Just as the little ones at home come romping
from the street,
To tell about the parents of the children that
they meet,
So they will come and they will go, when finished
are their labors,
And we shall love and they shall love, and all
the lands be neighbors.

A Christmas Greeting

Here's to you, little mother,
With your boy so far away;
May the joy of service smother
All your grief this Christmas day;
May the magic of his splendor
Thrill your spirit through and through
And may all that's fine and tender
Make a smiling day for you.

May you never know the sadness
That from day to day you dread;
May you never find but gladness
In the Flag that's overhead;
May the good God watch above him
As he stands to duty stern,
And at last to all who love him
May he have a safe return.

Little mother, take the blessing
Of a grateful nation's heart;
May the news that is distressing
Never cause your tears to start;
May there be no fears to haunt you,
And no lonely hours and sad;
May your trials never daunt you,
But may every day be glad.

Little Mother, could I do it,
This my Christmas gift would be:
That he'd safely battle through it,
This to you I'd guarantee.
And I'd pledge to you this morning
Joys to banish all your cares,
Gifts of gold and silver scorning,
I would answer all your prayers.

Better than land or gold or trade
Are a high ideal and a purpose true;
Better than all of the wealth we've made
Is the work for others that now we do.
For Rome grew rich and she turned to song
And danced to music and drank her wine,
But she sapped the strength of her fibres strong
And a gilded shroud was her splendor fine.

The Rome of old with its wealth and wine
Was the handiwork of a sturdy race;
They builded well and they made it fine
And they dreamed of it as their children's place.
They thought the joys they had won to give,
And which seemed so certain and fixed and sure,
To the end of time in the world would live
And the Rome they'd fashioned would long endure.

They passed to their children the hoarded gold,
Their marble halls and their fertile fields!
But not the spirit of Rome of old,
Nor the Roman courage that never yields.

They left them the wealth that their hands had won,
But they failed to leave them a purpose true,
They left them thinking life's work all done,
And Rome went down and was lost to view.

We must guard ourselves lest we follow Rome.
We must leave our children the finer things.
We must teach them love of the spot called home
And the lasting joy that a purpose brings.
For vain are our Flag and our battles won,
And vain are our lands and our stores of gold,
If our children feel that life's work is done.
We must give them a high ideal to hold.

"My Crown Prince was fine and fair," a sorrowful father said,
"But he marched away with his regiment and they tell me that he's dead!
'We all must go,' he whispered low, 'We must fight for the Fatherland.'
Now the heart of me's torn with the grief I know, and I cannot understand,
For none of the Kaiser's princes lie out there where my soldier sleeps;
Here's a land where grief is the common lot, but never the Kaiser weeps.

"My Crown Prince was a kindly prince, and his eyes were gentle, too,
And glad were the days of his youth to me when his wonderful smile I knew.
Then the Kaiser flattered and spoke him well, and he sent him out to die,
But his Crown Prince hasn't felt one hurt and the heart of me questions why?
He talks of war in his regal way and he boasts of his strength to strike,
But his boys all live and he doesn't know what the sting of a bullet's like.

'Rebellion gnaws at the soul of me as I think
of his Crown Prince gay,
And my Prince cold in the arms of death, and
harsh are the things I say.
I join with the grief-torn muttering men who
challenge the Kaiser's right
To build his joys on the graves of ours. We
shall rise in our wrath to smite!
And this is the thing we shall ask of him: to
give us the reason why
Our boys must fall on his battlefields, but never
his boys must die?"

Drafted

The biggest moment in our lives was that when
first he cried,
From that day unto this, for him, we've strug-
gled side by side.
We can recount his daily deeds, and backwards
we can look,
And proudly live again the time when first a
step he took.

I see him trudging off to school, his mother at
his side,
And when she left him there alone she hurried
home and cried.
And then the sturdy chap of eight that was, I
proudly see,
Who packed a little grip and took a fishing trip
with me.

Among the lists of boys to go his name has now
appeared;
To us has come the sacrifice that mothers all have
feared;
And though we dread the parting hour when he
shall march away,
We love him and the Flag too much to ask of
him to stay.

His baby ways shall march with him, and every
joy we've had,
Somewhere in France some day shall be a little
brown-eyed lad;
A toddler and a child at school, the chum that
once I knew
Shall wear our country's uniform, for they've
been drafted, too.

Reflection

You have given me riches and ease,
You have given me joys through the years,
I have sat in the shade of your trees,
With the song of your birds in my ears.
I have drunk of your bountiful wine
And done as I've chosen to do,
But, oh wonderful country of mine,
How little have I done for you!

You have given me safe harbor from harm,
Untroubled I've slept through the nights
And have waked to the new morning's charm
And claimed as my own its delights.
I have taken the finest of fine
From your orchards and fields where it grew,

But, oh wonderful country of mine,
How little I've given to you!

You have given me a home and a place
Where in safety my babies may play;
Health blooms on each bright dimpled face
And laughter is theirs every day.
You have guarded from danger the shrine
Where I worship when toiling is through,
But, oh wonderful country of mine,
How little have I done for you!

I have taken your gifts without thought,
I have reveled in joys that you gave,
That I see now with blood had been bought,
The blood of your earlier braves.
I have lived without making one sign
That the source of my riches I knew,
Now, oh wonderful country of mine,
I'm here to do something for you!

A Wish

God grant my children may
  Not think in terms of gold
When I have passed away
  And my poor form is cold.
When I no more shall be,
  If of me they would brag,
I'd have them speak of me
  As one who loved the Flag.

God grant my children may
  Not speak of me as one
Who trod a selfish way,
  When I am dead and gone.
When they recall my name
  I'd have them tell that I
Held dear my Country's fame
  And kept her standards high.

Not for the things I gave
  Would I be counted kind;
When I am in my grave,
  If they my worth would find,
I'd have them read it there
  In red and white and blue
And stars of radiance rare!
  And say that I was true.

Living

If through the years we're not to do
  Much finer deeds than we have done;
If we must merely wander through
  Time's garden, idling in the sun;
If there is nothing big ahead,
Why do we fear to join the dead?

Unless to-morrow means that we
  Shall do some needed service here;
That tasks are waiting you and me
  That will be lost, save we appear;
Then why this dreadful thought of sorro
That we may never see to-morrow?

If all our finest deeds are done,
  And all our splendor's in the past;
If there's no battle to be won,
  What matter if today's our last?
Is life so sweet that we would live
Though nothing back to life we give?

Not to have lived through seventy years
  Is greatness. Fitter to be sung
In poet's praises and in cheers
  Is he who dies in action, young;
Who ventures all for one great deed
And gives his life to serve life's need.

Life's Slacker

The saddest sort of death to die
  Would be to quit the game called life
And know, beneath the gentle sky,
  You'd lived a slacker in the strife.
That nothing men on earth would find
  To mark the spot that you had filled;
That you must go and leave behind
  No patch of soil your hands had tilled.

I know no greater shame than this:
  To feel that yours were empty years;
That after death no man would miss
  Your presence in this vale of tears;
That you had breathed the fragrant air
  And sat by kindly fires that burn,
And in earth's riches had a share
  But gave no labor in return.

Yet some men die this way, nor care:
  They enter and they leave life's door
And at the end, their record's bare —
  The world's no better than before.
A few false tears are shed, and then,
  In busy service, they're forgot.
We have no time to mourn for men
  Who lived on earth but served it not.

A man in perfect peace to die
Must leave some mark of toil behind,
Some building towering to the sky,
Some symbol that his heart was kind,
Some roadway where strange feet may tread
That out of gratitude he made;
He cannot bravely look ahead
Unless his debt to life is paid.

The Proof of Worth

Though victory's proof of the skill you possess
Defeat is the proof of your grit;
A weakling can smile in his days of success,
But at trouble's first sign he will quit.
So the test of the heart and the test of your pluck
Isn't skies that are sunny and fair,
But how do you stand to the blow that is struck
And how do you battle despair?

A fool can seem wise when the pathway is clear
And it's easy to see the way out,
But the test of man's judgment is something to
fear,
And what does he do when in doubt?
And the proof of his faith is the courage he shows
When sorrows lie deep in his breast;

It's the way that he suffers the griefs that he knows
That brings out his worst or his best.

The test of a man is how much he will bear
For a cause which he knows to be right,
How long will he stand in the depths of despair,
How much will he suffer and fight?
There are many to serve when the victory's near
And few are the hurts to be borne,
But it calls for a leader of courage to cheer
The men in a battle forlorn.

It's the way you hold out against odds that are great
That proves what your courage is worth,
It's the way that you stand to the bruises of fate
That shows up your stature and girth.
And victory's nothing but proof of your skill,
Veneered with a glory that's thin,
Unless it is proof of unfaltering will,
And unless you have suffered to win.

I Follow a Famous Father

I follow a famous father,
His honor is mine to wear;
He gave me a name that was free from shame
A name he was proud to bear.
He lived in the morning sunlight,
And marched in the ranks of right.
He was always true to the best he knew
And the shield that he wore was bright.

I follow a famous father,
And never a day goes by
But I feel that he looks down to me
To carry his standard high.
He stood to the sternest trials
As only a brave man can;
Though the way be long, I must never wrong
The name of so good a man.

I follow a famous father,
Not known to the printed page,
Nor written down in the world's renown
As a prince of his little age.
But never a stain attached to him
And never he stooped to shame;
He was bold and brave and to me he gave
The pride of an honest name.

I follow a famous father,
And him I must keep in mind;
Though his form is gone, I must carry on
The name that he left behind.
It was mine on the day he gave it,
It shone as a monarch's crown,
And as fair to see as it came to me
It must be when I pass it down.

The Important Thing

He was playing in the garden when we calle
him in for tea,
But he didn't seem to hear us, so I went out ther
to see
What the little rogue was up to, and I stoope
and asked him why,
When he heard his mother calling, he had mad
her no reply.
"I am playing war," he told me, "and I'm u
against defeat,
And until I stop the Germans I can't take th
time to eat."

"Isn't supper so important that you'll quit you
round of play?
Don't you want to eat the shortcake mother mad
for you to-day?"
Then I asked him, but he answered as he shoo
his little head:
"I don't dare to stop for shortcake, if I d
they'll kill me dead!
When I drive them from their trenches, then t
supper I'll come in,
But I mustn't stop a minute, 'cause this war I'v
got to win."

I left him in his battle, left him there to end h
play,

For he'd taught to me a lesson that is needed much to-day;
Not the lure of cake could turn him from the work he had to do;
There was nothing so important as to see his struggle through.
And I wondered all that evening, as he slumbered in his bed
If we'd risen to the meaning of the work that lies ahead?

Are we roused to the importance of the danger in our way?
Are we thinking still of pleasures as we thought but yesterday?
Are our comforts and our riches in our minds still uppermost?
Must we wait, to see our danger, till the foe is on our coast?
Oh, there's nothing so important, nothing now that's worth a pin
Save the war that we are fighting. It's a war we've got to win.

What He Learned

"I learned this over there," said a soldier lad
to me,
"That the general and the private are as like
as they can be;
And though one is giving orders and the other
one obeys,
There'd be no such thing as freedom if they
pulled in separate ways.
The thing that counts in battle is a centralized
control,
With everybody in it set to reach a common goal.

"The general wasn't fighting just because he
loved to fight;
He'd the everlasting notion that his country's
cause was right.
The Flag that waved above us meant as much
to him as me,
And the thing that he was after wasn't fame
but victory.
And I came to understand it, that beneath the
shoulder straps
And the markings on the tunic, we were ordinary
chaps.

"He was thinking of his children in the way
thought of mine;

He was wondering where men went when death took them from the line.
Oh, I don't know how to tell it, but down underneath the skin
We were all alike in Flanders, with a common goal to win.
And we just forgot our notions and separate ranks and creeds
And worked and pulled together, and that's all a nation needs.

"I learned this over there," said a soldier lad to me,
"That the general and the private are as like as they can be,
And when people come to know it — when they learn that every man
Wants to win his way to Heaven and to do the best he can —
They'll just work and pull together for the glory of the soul,
And be one united army marching toward a common goal."

Constant Beauty

It's good to have the trees again, the singing of
the breeze again,
It's good to see the lilacs bloom as lovely as
of old.
It's good that we can feel again, the touch of
beauties real again,
For hearts and minds, of sorrow now, have
all that they can hold.

The roses haven't changed a bit, nor have the
peonies stranged a bit,
They bud and bloom the way they did before
the war began.
The world is upside down to-day, there's much
to make us frown to-day
And gloom and sadness everywhere beset the
path of man.

But now the lilacs bloom again and give us their
perfume again
And now the roses smile at us and nod along
the way;
And it is good to see again the blossoms on each
tree again
And feel that nature hasn't changed the way we
have to-day.

Oh, we have changed from what we were, we're
not the carefree lot we were,
Our hearts are filled with sorrow now and
grave concern and pain,
But it is good to see once more the budding
lilac tree once more,
And find the constant roses here to comfort
us again.

When the Drums Shall Cease to Beat

When will the laughter ring again in the way that
it used to do?
Not till the soldiers come home again, not till
the war is through.
When will the holly gleam again and the Christ-
mas candles burn?
Not till the swords are sheathed once more and
the brave of our land return.

When will happy hearts meet again in the lights
of the Christmas tree?
Not till the cannons cease their roar and the
sailors come from sea.
When shall we sing as we used to do and dance
in the old-time way?
Not till the soldiers come home again and the
bugles cease to play.

Oh, dull is the red of the holly now and faintly
the candles burn;
And we long for the smile of the missing face
and the absent one's return.
We long for the laughter we used to know and
the love that made giving sweet
But we must wait for the joys of old till the
drums shall cease to beat.

We shall laugh once more as we used to do, and
dance in the old-time way,
For this is the pledge they have made to us who
serve in the war today;
And the joys of home that we treasure so are
the joys that their lives defend,
And they shall give us our Christmas time as
soon as the war shall end.

Prophecy

We shall thank our God for graces
That we've never known before;
We shall look on manlier faces
When our troubled days are o'er.
We shall rise a better nation
From the battle's grief and grime
And shall win our soul's salvation
In this bitter trial time.
And the old Flag waving o'er us
In the dancing morning sun
Will be daily singing for us
Of a splendor new begun.

When the rifles cease to rattle
And the cannon cease to roar,
When is passed the smoke of battle
And the death lists are no more,
With a yet undreamed of beauty
As a people we shall rise,
And a love of right and duty
Shall be gleaming in our eyes.
As a country, tried by sorrow,
With a heritage of worth,
We shall stand in that to-morrow
With the leaders of the earth.

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